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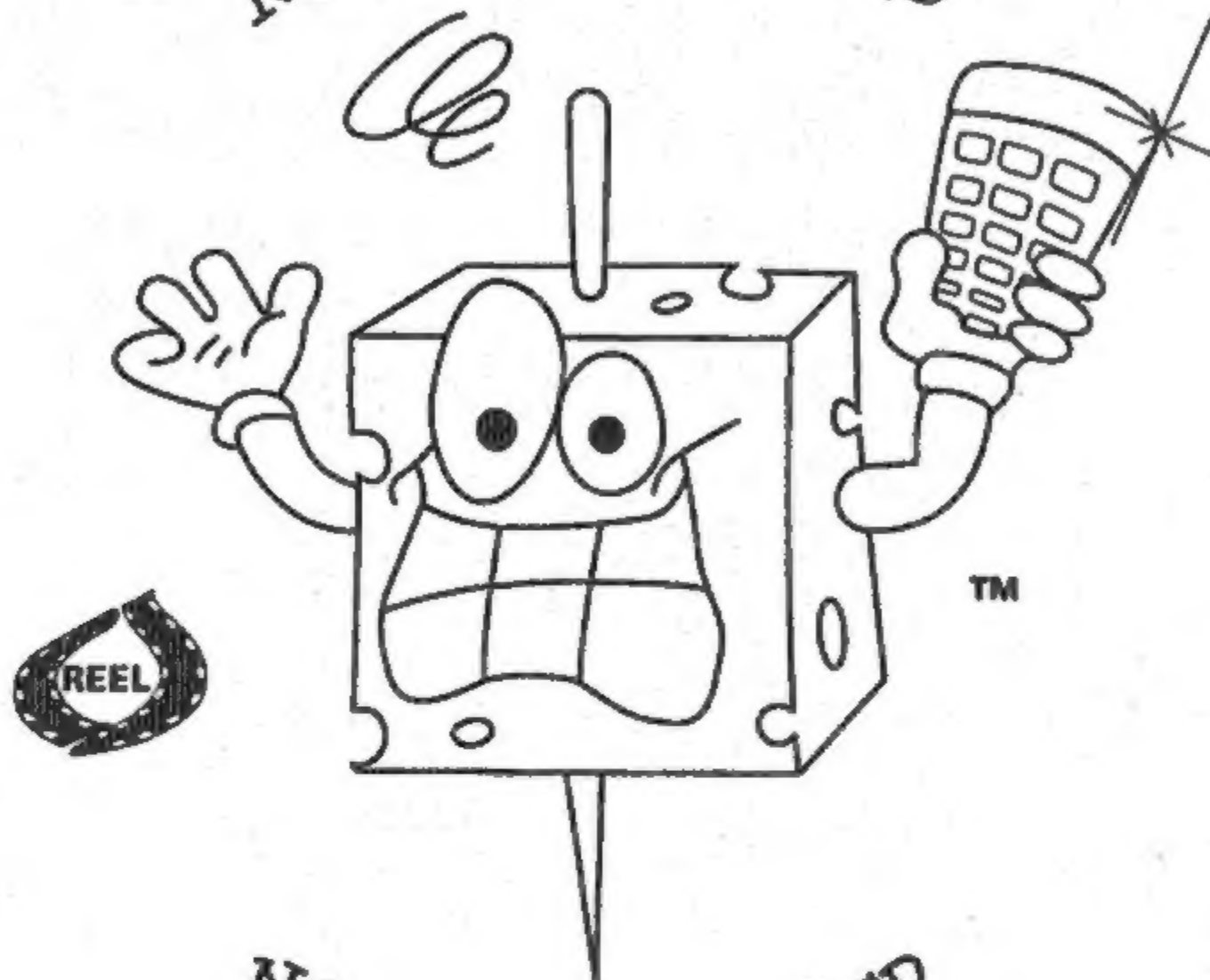
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FILM THREAT VIDEO

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VIDEO GUIDE

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COVER
A MIRACULOUS MONTAGE OF
UNDERGROUND WEIRDNESS
BY MICK GORE

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COOL MOVIES PRESENTS...

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Meanwhile detective Ernie Brice, nearing retirement, and his young, brash partner, John "Mo" Mentum, are given the assignment to bring in the Senses Taker. Their job is complicated when conflicting evidence starts to show up. Are they dealing with one killer or two? The two detectives have their hands full dealing with seedy witnesses, surly co-workers and their agitated captain. Ernie and John are in danger of having their careers and their lives cut short. Just one mistep in any direction could result in disaster.

Will the heros be able to stop the Senses Taker before much more blood is spilled? Or will Simon's grandstanding antics serve to protect the Senses Taker from discovery? Order Dead Meat and find out!

"Aspires to be the Poor Man's *Silence of the Lambs*! A horror flick straight from the trenches of no-budget guerilla warfare filmmaking."

Leif Jonker - Director of Darkness

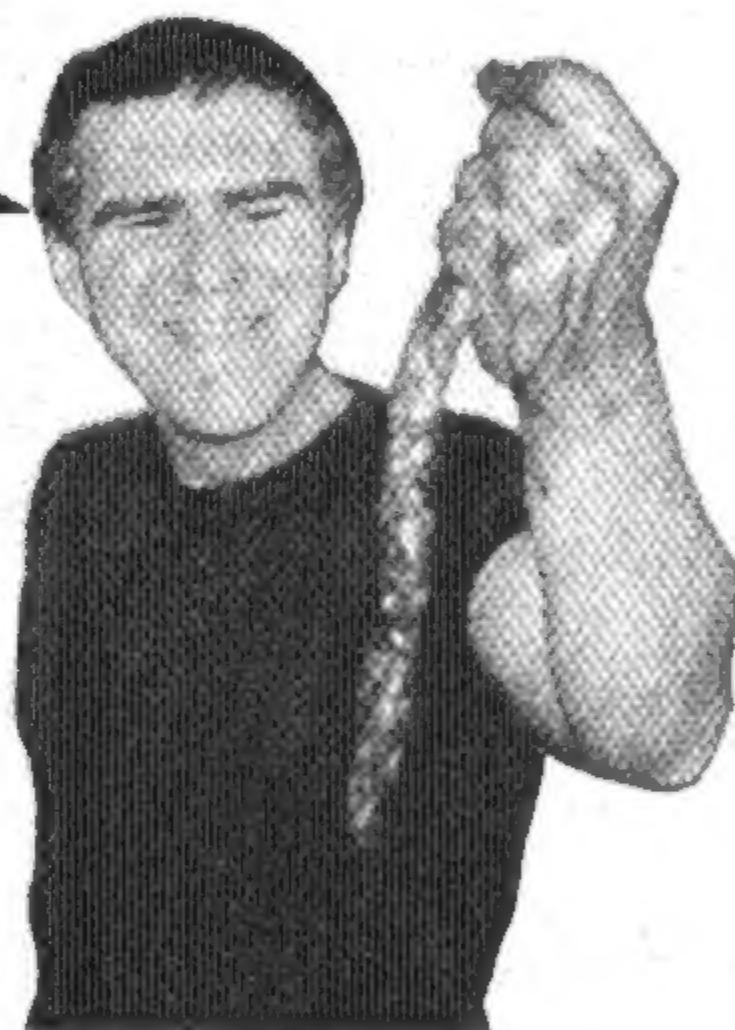
"Take one look at this gruesome black comedy and you'll feel like you're back at the drive-in in the 60's watching the latest Herschel Gordon Lewis shock film! Makes *Blood Feast* look pale in comparison. Strongly recommended for fans of Ultra - Gore."

Tom Brown - WHIZ - NBC Radio

"The effects are gory, the acting good and Simon played by Nick Kostopolos was great. If you like serial killer movies, order the pizza, get the beer and give Dead Meat a try."

Salvator Cangemi - Independent Video Magazine

"If you are into gore, give Dead Meat a shot!"
 Hugh Gallagher - Draculina Magazine



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FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE PO BOX 3170, LOS ANGELES, CA 90078-3170

Our special issue on Female Filmmakers, FTVG#10, resulted in a heavy flow of mail—most of it positive and better written than usual:

ABOUT FUCKING TIME

Courtney Winfree,

A few words now about your recent issue of FTVG (#10). It is about fucking time. Female film makers do not get half the respect and attention they deserve in today's media, which makes it all the more outstanding to see an entire issue dedicated to such directors. Film is, and always has been, one of the most powerful methods of obliterating existing values, and it is nice to see it used to attack the sexist double-standards that soak the average American's perspective.

Ever since I can remember, the social order has been: Boys against girls, but the girls aren't allowed to win. I have grown tired of living in a "gotta-have-a-cock-to-get-anywhere" world. FTVG#10 is yet another step in dismembering that world, and I sincerely appreciate it.



Lorin Ferguson

753 FREMONT ST.
SANTA CLARA, CA. 95050

Lorin,

Your letter was one of many supporting this stance and it was great to hear that last issue was so well-received.

Unfortunately, Courtney Winfree, who was responsible for much of #10's zip, has since moved on to other ventures.



Winfree in more revealing times.

THANKS! (KINDA...)

DEAR COURTNEY—

THANKS FOR THE REVIEW IN F.T.V.G. EVEN THO IT WASN'T VERY COMPLIMENTARY, I APPRECIATE IT, BECAUSE ITS BETTER THAN BEING IGNORED! ALSO, I KIND OF AGREE W/ YOU ABOUT EDITING BEING INCOHERENT. I THINK ITS GETTING BETTER. THE BIT ABOUT IT NOT BEING WORTH THE PRICE REMAINS THE SAME—SELF PUBLISHING IN SMALL QUANTITIES IS NOT COST EFFECTIVE. EVEN @ 3.00 I BARELY BREAK EVEN. BITCHING ASIDE, HERE IS ISSUE #2 -- WHICH I THINK IS AN IMPROVEMENT -- IT WOULD BE GREAT IF YOU REVIEWED IT. THANKS FOR SENDING ME A FREE COPY OF FTVG—IT LOOKS LIKE A REALLY INTERESTING IGH.

SINCERELY,

Megan Kalso

Megan,
Girl Hero #2 was cool. (Send \$3 to 7502.15th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98115) I hope this means you're not going to drop us from your comp list!

WE "GOT" IT



Ryan,
Although I didn't personally review your film—it was now-Movieline slave Steven Chean—I'd say your card was as close as I'd want to get.

QUICK TAKE 1

Film Threat Video,

One request...do you, or anyone you may know of, make short custom videos? Without pulling any punches, I want a short video of a 20-something girl wandering around a swamp and finally getting stuck in quicksand. After sinking chest deep, she is to be saved, not drowned. I am willing to pay \$300.00 for it, and currently have no takers. If you or someone you could contact is interested, I urge you to respond.

Jeff Robb
7441 W. Lake Mead Blvd. #134
Las Vegas, NV 89128

Jeff,
No.
cc: FBI, LVPD,
& A Current Affair

QUICK TAKE 2

To FTVG:

Thanks for the review of Whatever It Takes. Hey, I put 7 naked women in it and got a "6" rating. Does that mean if I put 14 naked women in the next one I'll get a "12"?

-Mike Quarles

Mike,
No. But if you send the extra 7 to us, yes.

QUICK TAKE 3

Dear Video Guide,

Is your bad printing quality an attempt to emulate the grainy B&W Super 8 film stock used in most of the movies you review or is it an attempt to prove that you're not making millions of dollars off the alternative cinema while you capitalist bastards live in luxury?

Roberto Beniez
New Mexico

Roberto,
Both. The appearance of "poverty" allows us to retain our "indie street cred."

SLEEPLESS IN EL DORADO

DEAR FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE:

It is 2:47 AM. A Saturday morning. I am very hot and bored. I just flipped through #10 and have some questions.

1. WHY AM I SITTING IN MY BEDROOM RIGHT NOW LETTING MYSELF STAY BORED?
2. WHY ARE MOST PEOPLE DRAWN TO SHITTY MOVIES LIKE DEMOLITION MAN AND MR. NANNY?
3. DOES ANYONE ELSE OUT THERE THINK LYDIA LUNCH IS AN AIRHEAD?
4. DOES ANYONE OUT THERE KNOW MICHELLE HANDELMAN'S PHONE NUMBER? MMM-MMM.
5. WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO RANDALL PHILIP, THE GUY FROM PHILLY WITH THE CORPSE?
6. AND FINALLY, WHY CAN'T I JUST RELAX AND GO TO SLEEP?!!

WELL, GOODNIGHT (I HOPE.)

—ROB SCHMITT
EL DORADO HILLS,
CALIFORNIA

BLOCKBUSTER PISSHOLE MOANER

Dear Mr. Williams,

I live in a culturally deprived pisshole, and while I hate to support those Nazis at Blockbuster Video, I can rent uncut films by Fassbinder, John Waters, Ed Wood, H.G. Lewis, Argento and others there. What am I supposed to do?

Sincerely,
Mark Sieber
5015 82nd St. Hampton VA 23605

Mark,
As you have no choice, rent them as many times as necessary just to prove to their pinheaded buyers that these films can make them money. Perhaps then they will invest in even more adventurous cinema. (Although I doubt it will happen.) Otherwise, invest in a car and drive the hell out of your culturally stagnant backwater borg for good.

Rob,
(1) No girlfriend; (2) They don't read FTVG; (3) More than a few; (4) (415) 555-1212; (5) Philip, who penned a breathtaking piece on his efforts to reanimate human corpses in FTVG#8, has not been heard from since; (6) I didn't see Hulk's Mr. Nanny, but Demolition Man cured my recent bouts of insomnia.

WATCHING MOVIES IS A WASTE OF TIME

I AM ENCLOSING THREE DOLLARS YES THREE DOLLARS FOR A COPY OR SUBSCRIPTION OR WHATEVER THE HELL IT IS YOU FILMFASCIST PSYCHO ORGANIZATION FROM HELL OFFERS FOR "FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE"

WHY? BECAUSE I NEED TO FEEL THREATENED?
WHY? BECAUSE THE PITIFULLY SHORT TIME IT TAKES TO LIVE AND SEE OVER TWENTY THOUSAND FILMS AND MOST OF THEM ARE PRETENTIOUS CRAP OR NOT WORTH THE CELLULOID THEY'RE PRINTED ON AND MOST OF US WILL NEVER EXPERIENCE THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING TRULY WRETCHED EXAMPLES OF UNDERGROUND EXCREMENT OR REDISCOVERING THAT 90% OF ALL THE COOL SILENT FILMS OR STAG LOOPS ARE LOST TO DETERIORATION AND WATCHING MOVIES IS A GODDAMN WASTE OF TIME IN A JADED LIFE ANYWAY DOESN'T DETER ME FROM THE FACT THAT I WANT TO SEE THE SHIT YOU OFFER AND THAT I'M REALLY DESPERATE TO WATCH SHIT I DON'T HAVE TO INVENT PUNCH LINES FOR TO SNEER AT OR LOOK INTO A NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD TO SEE A PITBULL INVENT THE LARGEST UNCLAIMED PILE OF SHIT UNSCOOPED BY SOCIETY. AN "AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE FAN" (MY PREMIERE SUBSCRIPTION RAN OUT),

SEND TO: Jeff O'Connell
P.O. Box 905
Canning, NY 14830

Jeff,

Unfortunately, I just edit a magazine and have no formal training in abnormal psychology, but have you ever considered seeking professional help? A close friend recommends Xanax, a warm bath and staying away from both sharp instruments and Premiere.

MR. CHEESE

05-04-1994 03:15PM FROM TEMPE VIDEO

TO

13102147365 P.O.

TO: Dave Williams
Film Threat

SUNSTONE PICTURES
4545 N. 67th AVE, #1081
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85033
(602) 380-8214

Dear J.R.,

Congratulations on your new magazine *ALTERNATIVE CINEMA*...at last, some competition for that "corpse-fucking-faces-slinging-lunatic-rock star-body piercing-piece-of-shit" *FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE*!

I've enclosed a screener copy of *ALIEN VOWS* along with a press kit, photos, and a copy of Dave Williams' article/review of the film (in case you haven't seen it yet). There's a very amusing behind-the-scenes story on the real reason he hates the film! Personally, I think he's the perfect critic...a frustrated filmmaker who looks the balls to stick his pencil neck out and make a feature length film. Like most film critics, Dave finds it much easier (and safer for his fragile ego) to be behind a word processor than a camera...

Actually, I'm enjoying the controversy, and plan to take out a full page ad in the next issue of *FTVG*. And *ALTERNATIVE CINEMA* (please send me your advertising rate card).

Anyway, judge for yourself. I like it. I get a kick out of it every time I see it. It turned out just how I wanted it to. Unoriginal. Campy. Cheesy. Lots of gore, tits, and ass.

Sincerely,

Mike

Michael Ricka
Producer/Director
SUNSTONE PICTURES

A "MISTAKEN IDIOT"?

Film Threat Video Guide,

I'm writing about the review of my film in issue #10. The review was very positive and you said that my films were highly intense, well executed, trippy, hypnotic and of the LSD videos reviewed in this section, mine would be the only good one to watch. All very good things, the length of the compilation was the only negative comment. So why the fuck did you give me only a 4? Could it be a mistake or are you a complete idiot? The way you wrote the review seems to indicate the former, but the mark you gave me indicates the latter. So what gives?

Francois Miron

Francois Miron
4280 Hotel De Ville
Montreal, Quebec
H2W 2H4 Canada

Mike,

If only your movies were as entertaining as your letters! I wish this note to our pal J.R. Bookwalter, filmmaker and now editor of *Alternative Cinema* [reviewed this issue], had included the "real reason" why I panned your film, *Alien Vows*. The only one I know of is that it was boring. As for my filmmaking frustrations, stay tuned. Thanks for the paid ad!

Francois,

Make it a "7." The responsible party has been fired (No more writing reviews? Some torture!) and is now looking to work at Sunstone Pictures.

NOTHING'S WORSE THAN AN ANGRY SCOTSMAN

Estrogen propelled issue #10 was one of the best yet. However, one thing in it angered me, namely Michelle Handleman's extremely skewed and subjective views as to what constitutes "rape," as documented in her interview. She states that she was raped, then doubles back over herself and says "only it wasn't rape because she enjoyed it" and then goes on to state that this pseudo-rape instigated a three-month relationship between she and the old flame who perpetrated it.

RAPE IS NEVER ENJOYABLE. PERIOD.

If some flaky SF gun-crazy dominatrix wants to on record spouting dangerous shit like this then fine, but she shouldn't be surprised if she gets backlash from people who, like me, hold very strong views on the subject. Cut the dilettante horseshit, Handleman, and THINK before opening your mouth and letting your belly rumble next time. I'm sorry to bug all you wacky film fans with my vociferous polemic, but there's some things that just have to be said. Too many people have got the wrong idea on this subject as it is. Like I said, apart from Handleman's remarks, #10 was a good issue and I look forward to the next one.

Let Scott Russo write all the reviews, Dave, he's a genius.

Graham Rae
Falkirk, Scotland



Michelle Handleman

(Note—Though based in the wind swept land of Scotland, Graham Rae has been a regular contributor to FTVG over the last three years, usually supplying a heady brand of acerbic Thompsonian observations coupled with a trademark "fuck it all" attitude.)

Graham,

I never knew.

The term "rape" is bandied about today like some catch-all term for male-initiated intercourse, however, in Ms. Handleman's case, I suspect she is justified to describe her own experiences however she wants to. Perhaps for such a seemingly dangerous, self-propelled woman, being "raped" is the only way she can save face while "submitting" to another. As Handleman should respond for herself and a copy of your letter (edited here for length) has been sent and we will print any response she may have.

By the way, you're right, Scott Russo is a genius. I wish he could do all the reviews.

OUR PALS, ER MATES, IN THE UK

Hi There,
I have just read about your **Hated: GG Allin & The Murder Junkies** video in International Tattoo Art magazine and I would like to know if there is a distributor in the UK. If not, is it possible to get a PAL compatible version of the film from yourselves?

Many Thanks,
Ben Robinson
34 Offington Lane
Worthing
West Sussex
BN14 9RT
England



GG, YOUR PAL.

Ben,
While we only deal in NTSC ourselves, both **Hated** and **Hardcore: The Films of Richard Kern Vol II** are being offered in PAL by our pals Manfred Jelinski and Jorg Buttgerit. Send an SAE with return postage to Magnussenstr. 8, 2251 Ostensfeld, Germany for a price list.



WELCOME TO DOMDUM

My first attempt at filmmaking nearly proved to be my last.

"That's not what he's supposed to say, I didn't write that," I screamed at the director who also happened to be my best friend but was fast becoming my worst enemy.

About 6 months earlier I had written, what I thought, was a mildly humorous article for a magazine, where I interviewed "Sid Vicious in heaven." I had showed this to my friend, Donal, who was about to enter his final year in film school and needed a script to shoot.

Donal asked me if I could turn this simple Q&A into a script and give the story more meat. I figured this to be quite an easy proposition even though I'd never done it before. So I sat down over the course of two weeks with my director buddy and tried to pump it out.

After the two weeks that I had set aside to finish my first screenplay, I realized it was going to take longer than expected. You soon learn that after 10 pages, you easily forget what you had your characters do after 4 pages. Eventually after about a month Donal and I finished our "masterpiece."

So, now it was time to start our production. For the first time in life, I found myself in the position of writer/producer. The title sounded great and all my friends were very impressed by it, but I soon found out that all a producer does is whatever the director tells him, and, oh yeah, puts as much money as he can scramble, beg, borrow, steal, into a project that you're not sure will ever get finished and if it does, who knows if anyone will ever see it.

Halfway through our 7-day shoot, I had pretty much ceased communicating with my director. At this stage, he was no longer a friend but instead had become, just the 'director'.

Even though I realize, that as the writer, I am just supposed to turn my script in and leave it at that, it was more difficult than it seems. You see, in my capacity as producer, I was also the sound guy, the caterer guy, the "get the actor ready" guy, the

"Oh shit, here's the cops, we don't have permits, who's going to deal with them", guy, so I was on the set constantly.

Let me tell you, when you put your heart and soul into a story that for the most part is culled from personal experiences, and you're on the set daily watching the clock tick away at your savings, you start wanting your own way.

Last day of shooting and we're just about wrapping up. Both of us knew we had to say something, afterall, we hadn't spoke in 4 days. "You know, maybe I'll just write and you can direct, I don't ever want to get mad as hell again."



David E. Williams

You don't actually believe we hired this asshole, do you?

Dominic Griffin
Executive Editor

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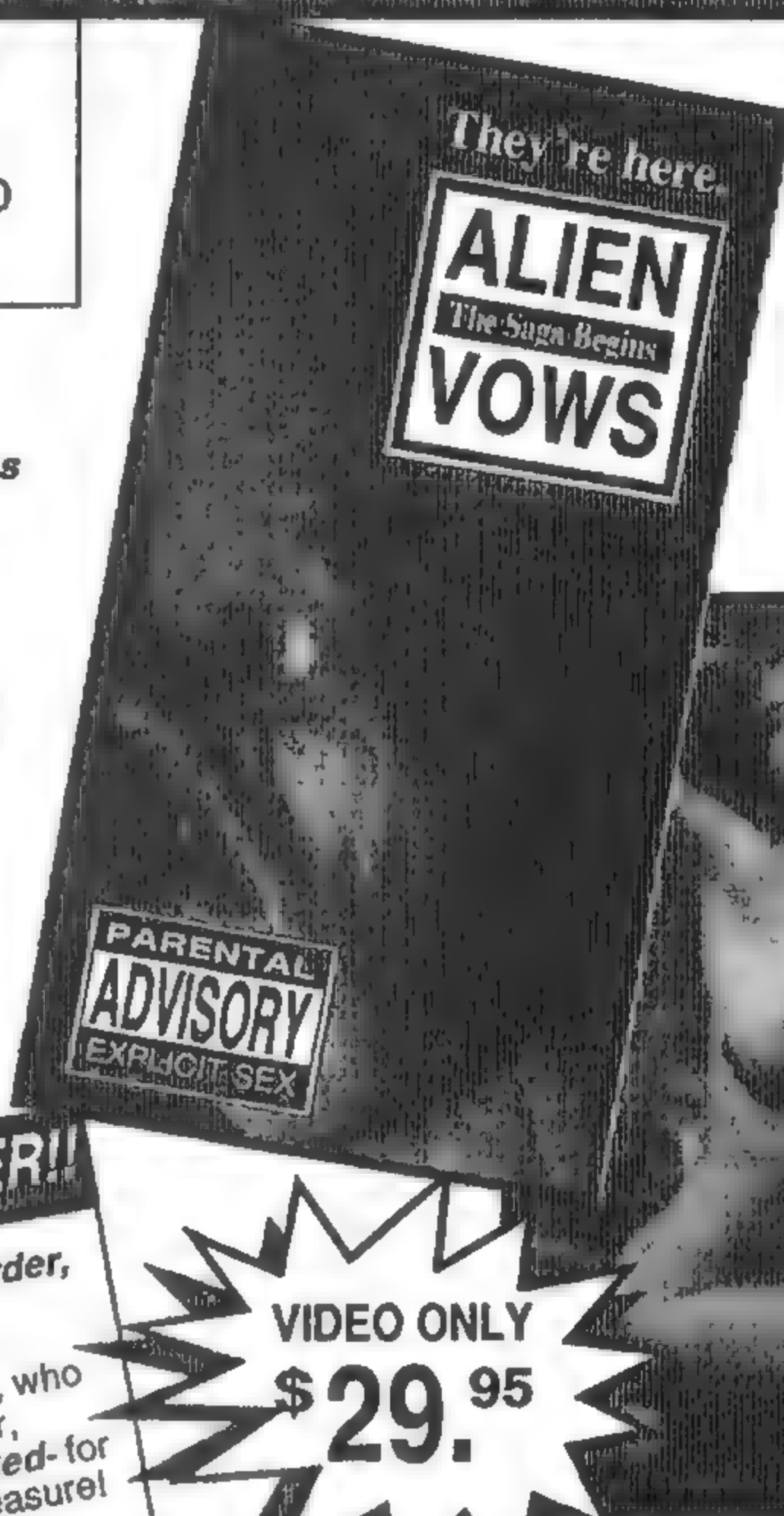
-David Williams, Editor-In-Chief
FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE

*"All things considered, ALIEN VOWS
is perhaps the best Super 8 film ever
made..."*

-Phil Vigeant, Executive Publisher
FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE

*"One has to ask the question; Why
was ALIEN VOWS even made?"*

-Merle Bertrand
FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE



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ALIEN
The Saga Begins
VOWS

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PICTURES



SCAN

A complete guide to the films and videos sent to us that weren't immediately turned into "blanks."

(Just kidding, we actually review every tape submitted for our scrutiny.)

Edited by Dominic Griffin

SHATTER DEAD

84 min./Video

Tempe Video



Writer/director Scooter McCrae's debut feature has garnered the admiration of many horror enthusiasts hungry for fresh meat, but, though there are several extraordinary sequences here, *Shatter Dead* falls well short of its intention to be a sort of thinking-man's-gore-fest. A noble effort, but after a surreal, near non-sequitur, metaphoric opening scene, I was bored stiff for the first lackluster 30 minutes as McCrae set up the languid story.

Oh no, the dead walk the earth again. But unlike the cannibalistic variety we're familiar with, these sentient ghouls just want to get along—to coexist with the rapidly deteriorating yet living population. One survivor is Susan (the presumably pseudonymed Stark Raven), a way too humorless, gun-toting babe who tests strangers for life status by having them fog



Stark Raven in SHATTER DEAD: offering up a new yet ultimately languid take on the living dead bit.

a mirror—plugging those who don't pass.

McCrae earns points for casting Raven (i.e. he could

have bored us with yet another "hunk"), but her idea of acting tough means gritting her teeth and grunting lines.

(Yeah, it worked for Eastwood, but...) Meanwhile, the only other near-thespians (Flora Fauna as a sensitive zombette and Larry Johnson as Susan's philosophical, room-temperature beau) appear relatively briefly or too late to avert fast-forwarding.

But most people watching a film called *Shatter Dead* don't care much for the finer points of acting. Does it deliver the goods? (As some horror journalists would ask?) Yes and no. Without the benefit of a single second of suspense, the gore scenes are creative yet inappropriately "lifeless" as the actors run through their blocking and blood squibs explode on cue.

On-screen violence is overrated for a reason. Without expert execution, it's just plain dull.

All of this aside, the film would be far more enjoyable without its plodding score—which serves only to effectively steamroller any blip of tension McCrae does muster. And while I can hardly blame John Carpenter, I feel compelled to summon his name.

In all, *Shatter Dead* is technically competent, has several interesting twists on



This zombie (Flora Fauna) just wants to get along in Scooter McCrae's SHATTER DEAD.

the familiar and at least two outstanding scenes, but these positives are trapped in a meandering morass of talking head shots and pointlessness that cry out for the relief of a good edit job.

McCrae says he was inspired

by Roger Corman to make *Shatter Dead* as quickly and cheaply as possible. Forgoing the budget limitations, even just a few more rehearsals might have helped.

See *Tempe Video ad*.

—David E. Williams

**THE VOLUPTUOUS
HORROR OF
KAREN BLACK—
TEATHER PENUMBRA**

60 min / Video

AVMS



Where Gwar and Skinny Puppy get a rise out of incorporating dramatics into their stage shows, Karen Black seems to make an ass out of itself. Not only is the music unflavorful, the performance art is so half-assed that the viewer gets the feeling that they are watching a play put on by a bunch of overweight misfit children. I feel bad criticizing lead singer Kembra Pfahler in this way, because I understand her purpose. However, it is one that does

not really serve any significance in our society other than disappointment in someone who could otherwise blossom through their talents. Time to take off the makeup and grow up Kembra, your style is really old and nobody is impressed by big dramatics anymore.

Beautiful Label, P.O. Box 20818 New York, New York 10009

—Drew Stepek

**ROBOFLIGHT-
CYBERSPACE IN
YOUR FACE**

60 min / Video

Zohar Rom Prods.



I suspected the day would come when the Virtual Reality generation would be exploited by every clown boy who could get his hands on a video camera and a copy of "Flight



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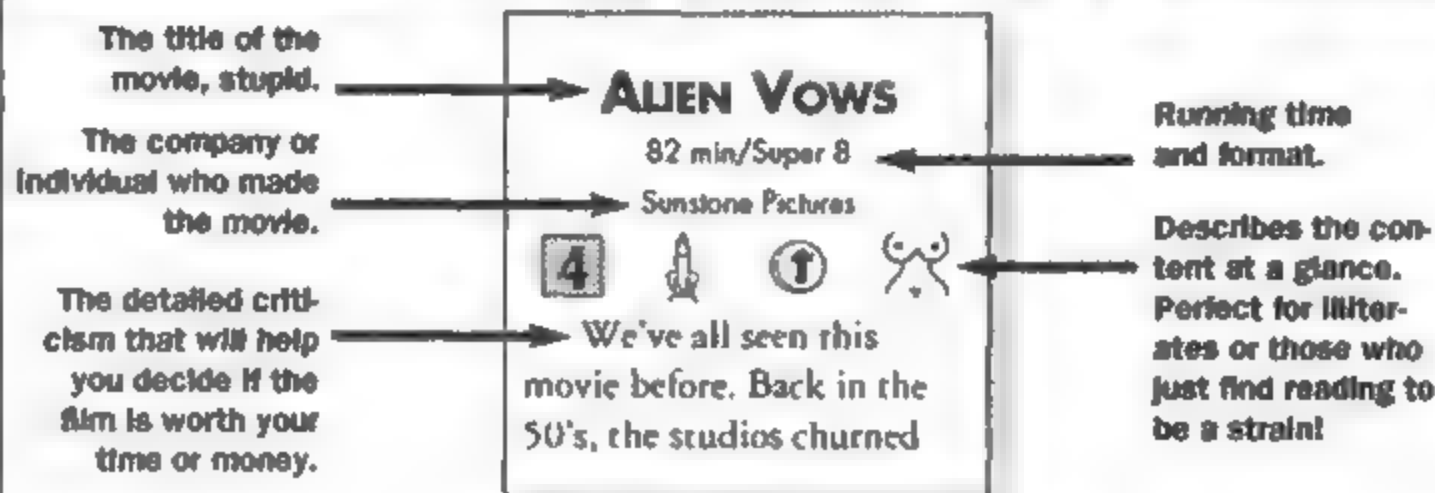
RATINGS

- 10** Perfect! A must for any collection and worth twice the price!
- 9** Excellent. Definitely worth seeing and showing off to friends.
- 8** Great. We're jealous and wish we'd thought of it.
- 7** Very Good. Would get the filmmaker an "A" at U.C.L.A.
- 6** Good. But not "very good." Wait until you have extra cash.
- 5** A few good scenes, but only at the 7-Eleven security-cam level.
- 4** Dull. But almost interesting at scan speed.
- 3** Trance-inducing. Not interesting, even at scan speed.
- 2** Bad. You have a new blank tape for your growing 90210 collection.
- 1** Sucks! No explanation necessary as you have probably gone comatose.

CLASSIFICATIONS

No Budget	Horror	Action	Classic
Low Budget	Nudity	Subversive	Animated
Big Budget	Arty	Surreal	Sci-Fi
Comedy	Music	Documentary	Pop Culture
Drama	Music Video	Instructional	Compilation

READING OUR REVIEWS



Simulator" for their Timex Sinclair computer. Well, here it is. Come on folks, don't exploit technology by making every retro computer program a facade for "cyberspace."

However, these guys did do a good job on packaging. I don't know if false advertising is good packaging, but it sure fooled me. Beware faithful computer animation and cyberspace buffs, I have the feeling that this is going to happen a lot more in the future.

—DS

RAP DAMAGE/LOU BELIEVERS/GRUNGE PEDAL/SKEENO HC RULES

40 min / Super 8

We Got Power Films/Miracle Films



David Markey (*Desperate Teenage Lovedolls*, 1991: *The Year Punk Broke*) and Thurston Moore (Sonic Youth) have put together a most involving collection of short films that range from the documentation of James Woods fanatics to the pursuit of the Hip-Hop Rabbit.

The tape opens with the hysterical *Lou Believers*, a deliciously overkill trip through Hollywood to see James Woods' film *True Believers* at the Chinese Theater. While driving in their van, the three filmgoers pick up Lou Reed (Joe Cole wearing a Reed cover of *BAM* magazine over his face) and obsess over the film *The Boost*. Their crusade also includes a quest for dope (Reed constantly yelling at passers by "You got any heroin?"), a stop at World Book & News (where they make fun of a *Rolling Stone* cover story on Bono), and a drive past the Chinese Theater (yelling

"That's bullshit!" at the marquee for *Beaches*). The journey ends with the group jamming with a Hollywood derelict along the boulevard.

The real time and effort appears to have been placed on the second piece, *Rap Damage*. Here, two goofy gangsta rap wannabes (Thurston Moore and Maurice Menares) cruise L.A. looking for the notorious Hip Hop Rabbit, a rapping rodent that has taken the world by storm. Whether they're driving down Melrose Avenue or explaining to a woman at a garage sale that *Dances With Wolves* is "just another example of Whitey putting my people down," the duo are loudly obnoxious, much to their credit.

The tape includes *Grunge Pedal*, a short piece showing the band Free Kitten jamming outdoors while the liner notes of a punk compilation are recited, and *Skeeno H.C. Rules*, the filmmakers' band playing over a grainy concert clip of Sonic Youth in Reno. While the latter two are only nominally interesting, the former make up for it in spades.

We Got Power Films, 1223 Broadway, Box 314, Santa Monica, Ca 90404

—Jim Bartoo

THE DESECRATION OF THE HOLLY BIBBLE

25 min / Video

Kevin Joy



Yes, "Holly Bible."

Bound to their respective crosses, three mid-crucifixion Howard Stern wannabes ropically ramble on about the previous day's batch of sacrifices—including Christ. What follows is a reasonably funny, recounting of Biblical tales where all your favorites are



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skewered: God, Peter, Mary, Joseph, etc. with varying degrees of success. The delivery is fair, but the execution—single static camera—becomes tiresome long before the end. Shorter would be better, but proper staging would help immensely.

—JFW

GORE WHORE

90 min / Video

Ill-Tax Prods.



Gore Whore, the third installment of indie multimedia magnate Hugh Gallagher's (*Dracula* magazine, *Dracula Publishing*) aptly titled "Gore Trilogy," continues producer-director Gallagher's evolution and improvement as a filmmaker in his own right.

Following closely on the heels of the disgustingly tasteless yet perversely entertaining *Gorotica* and the earlier, rather lame *Gorgasm*, which launched the trilogy, *Gore Whore* follows the investigation of a scuzzy private eye Chase Barr (Brady Debussey). Chase must track down a renegade lab assistant (Audrey Streeter), who's stolen a mysterious formula from a proverbial mad scientist.

Imagine Chase's surprise when he discovers that the lab assistant is really a dead prostitute and the formula is a reanimation agent that, when taken with human blood, keeps her (kinda) alive.

Not a terribly original idea (except for the prostitute part setting up the catchy title), but the sheer glee Gallagher seems to revel in by dragging us unapologetically through



An undead streetwalker allows the catchy title **GORE WHORE**.

the rampant blood-feasting in this movie helps.

Gallagher hasn't honestly arrived as a filmmaker yet, although he's definitely on his way. *Gore Whore* approached, and occasionally crossed, the threshold of being a "real" movie. To be sure, the acting in the film is wooden at best (although newcomer D'Lana Tunnell...yummy!), while the cheap, filmlooked video looks, well, like filmlooked video.

Unlike in *Gorgasm*, however, Gallagher seems to have a handle now on the basics of how to tell a story on film, which at least makes *Gore Whore* coherent and watchable. I look for Gallagher to soon be as much of a presence in the indie film world as his *Dracula* is in the world of indie publishing.

See ad this issue.

—Merle Bertrand

UNKEMPT

25 min / 16mm/B&W

John Kelsey



When a stripper (well-played by Margret Taylor) discovers that her lean bod is suddenly sprouting bristles of coarse black hair *à la* Cronenberg's *The Fly*, her life

becomes a slow descent into hell marked by increasingly necessary shaving breaks. Though her somnambulistic beau (Alex Wolfe) is concerned, kept awake by her Lady Remington, he just doesn't understand—prompting our hirsute babe to find her own escape from surefire freakdom. Will he still love



Won't she be sexy with a beard? No, just **UNKEMPT**.

her despite the beard? Could a change to a sideshow career be at hand? Should she just stop worrying and accept her new self?

Writer/director John Kelsey does an amazing job of developing a general sense of dread as the transformation continues—with ample help from

director of photography Heng-Tart Lim—making *Unkempt* a genuinely unique look at the modern notions of illness and this country's obsession with female body hair. One wishes this was more than an NYU short—though I suspect a feature script also exists.

—DEW

MONDO APOCALYPSE

23 min / Super 8/Video/B&W

Perception Prods.



Making the best of his meager budget, filmmaker Tim Ashworth offers a barrage of mixed mediums featuring plenty of strobe lights, music and bad craziness. This visual witch's brew runs from remarkably effective to rediously inane—though the former beats out the latter as sheer weirdness is worth something.

Highlights include "Inferno Inc.," which seemingly plugs into MTV's *Dead At 21*'s plot with better psychoactive results; "A Dream Within A Dream," in which a Clara Bow-like babe cavorts in a Maya Derenesque symbolic world of fish, flowers and (more) strobe lights; and "Turd," a relentlessly edited music video for the band Ill.

While interesting and highly watchable, the complete tape is ultimately crippled by its primitive technologies. If Ashworth is trying to audition for a job with MTV, he's ahead of the curve on creating interesting visual on the cheap, but such down and dirty productions as this one are as much

miss as hit.

Someone give this man a budget of more than \$5, please.

—DEW

NIGHT OWL

77 min / 16mm/B&W

Franco Prods.



Any vampire film featuring Caroline Munro (no matter how fleeting the appearance) can't be all bad, and *Night Owl* is no exception. Written and directed by a resourceful Jeffrey Arsenault, this somewhat compelling tale of Lower East Side blood sucking boasts exceptional acting as it tracks Jake (James Rafferty), a hunky loser who lives in an abandoned building—and happens to drink the blood of women he picks up in the local night spots with the help of a linoleum knife. As luck would have it, one victim has an industrious younger brother who vows to find his hermana. As Angel, John Leguizamo (later to star in *Super Mario Bros.* and *Carlito's Way*) is terrific, injecting real edginess into Arsenault's horror yarn.

Subplots involving a beautiful yet morbid performance artist falling for our creature of the night—presumably making him question his murderous ways—and other side characters fizzle, but once Leguizamo returns, things again fry. While the best scene has Angel passionately arguing with his brother regarding their sister's disappearance, his final confrontation with the vampire is strictly bizarre, with Angel terrorizing the ghoul with a mock rape—doing to him what he suspects was done to his missing (and very dead) sibling.

Plot holes abound and we miss several key moments in

IN PRINT



KILLING FOR CULTURE

Inland Book Co., 140 Commerce St., East Haven, CT 06512.

Co-authors David Kerekes and David Slater, also co-editors of the sub-culture periodical *Headpress*, dissect "snuff" film mythology over 353 illustrated pages in *Killing For Culture*, what could be the first serious analysis of murder in mass media. Their investigation begins with the

1976 release of *Snuff*, the exploitation pic that started it all with the tag line "The film that could only be made in South America...where Life is *CHEAP!*" and a poorly executed scene of "authentic" on-camera killing. But clever marketing, combined with the vocal protestations of NOW and other organizations, propelled this trash into infamy. The book's conclusion is equally shocking, as it traces the evolution of *Snuff* into such "civilized" fare as *Cops*, *I Witness Video* and *Rescue 911*. Well-researched and highly readable, *Culture* is a hideous document of death and a must-have.

You can contact the authors at Headpress, PO Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET Great Britain.



VIDEO WATCHDOG

PO Box 5283
Cincinnati, OH 45205-0283

Issue #23 of editor Tim Lucas' fine publication recently found it's way through the mail slot—marking yet another installment of one of the most consistently informative, literate and insightful independent publications I've had the pleasure of trading subscriptions

with. Yeah, I know I'm kissing his ass—but Lucas and his devoted contributors deserve it.

I half expected this particular issue, following an brilliant double issue Special Edition, to be a half-hearted effort—a chance for breath-catching—but it's instead packed with more info than is absorbable in one sitting. Featuring an fascinating cover story on Orson Welles' *The Stranger* and *The Lady From Shanghai*, the issue of course includes *Watchdog's* trademark laser disc reviews that actually review the disc—not just the film itself. *Blow Out*, *Barbarella* and *Godzilla Vs. Biollante* highlight the section. If you don't already subscribe, do so.



ALTERNATIVE CINEMA

PO Box 6573
Akron, OH 44312-0573

The term "alternative" is usually prefaced with "I hate to call it this, but..." these days, but filmmaker-turned-editor JR Bookwalter's *Alternative Cinema* is a remarkable achievement in desktop publishing *du cinema* and well worth picking up for it's extensive (though occasionally sycophantic) coverage of the B-movie scene.

Though I have to admit some pride in noting how much AC resembles FTVG (thanks for the homage), Bookwalter has included plenty of his own touches, most interestingly, an "Up For Adoption" column in which hopeful productions are offered up to distributors.

The layout is highly readable and eye catching, though I don't really have the patience for type on would-B actress Amy Dolenz, Paramount's soft-porn dabblings or AC's opinion of the "Top 50 Things That Suck." I also have to wonder about any publication that passes off rehash Leonard Maltin-like plot write-ups as "laser disc reviews." [See any issue of *Video Watchdog* for inspiration.]

The second issue was a marked improvement over the premiere and I suspect only further progress from the seemingly tireless Bookwalter and his staff of energetic contributors.

Is this plugging the competition? No. AC has staked out it's own territory—making it all the more necessary in these days of anemic cinema.



SHOCK CINEMA

PO Box 518
Peter Stuyvesant Station
New York, NY 10009

Editor Steve Puchalski's ode to all cinema continues with issue #6 of *Shock Cinema*, possibly the most consistently entertaining film/rant mag on the planet. Maintaining his policy of reviewing everything from

Godzilla flicks to obscure French faux-bestiality epics, Puchalski also includes a well written yet somewhat over-analyzing high brow piece on HK movies ["...as concepts of gay 'identities' and political movements are introduced into Chinese culture..."] in the mix this ish. I only hope this guy finally gets this all in book form some day—preferably alphabetized. [FTK]

—DEW

All books and magazines will be considered for review, though sub trades will be determined on a case by case basis.

STILL FRAME

Writer/director Guy Benoit' *Crosley Fiver* boasts one of the best shock sequences since Mr. Blonde picked up a straight razor in *Reservoir Dogs*.

After a yuppie scum (excellently played by Rob Fente) skips out after wham-bamming a babe from the office (Colleen Kiley), he's snatched up by unseen assailants. We next see him duct taped to a chair in an empty warehouse—a large circular saw strategically poised in front of his privates. Helpless, he cries for help—the only response emanating from an antique Crosley Fiver radio also sitting before him.

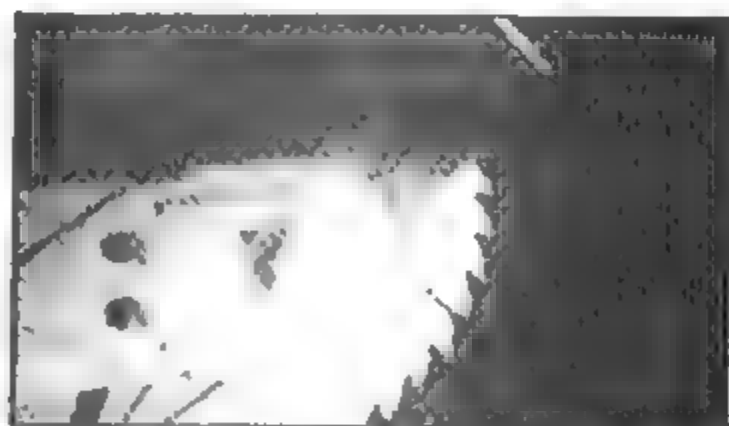
The disembodied voice informs him that he will be asked a series of simple questions which he should know the answers to. Answer three and go free, but for each incorrect response, the circular saw will be activated and moved forward. Three wrong answers will bring the gruesome inevitable. You get the idea. After two easy ones, Mr. Cool slips up and the saw screams to life, our now-terrified captive following suit. The subsequent minutes (encompassing three more questions) are guaranteed to get your blood pumping and make you wonder about filmmaker Benoit's intentions, but *Crosley Fiver* is a tiny piece of cruel genius.

Contact Benoit at Clear Spot Prods., PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901 **[FTV]**

—DEW



① Yuppie Boy is asked a question.



② The buzz saw comes to life!



③ He wiggles like a hooked worm.

character relationships, but this film clearly displays that great talent can't be obscured (although both *Mario Bros.* and *Carlito's Way* did their best to stifle Leguizamo) and you sometimes can't make a silk purse out of silk. Perhaps Arsenault didn't have the time to use Leguizamo to better advantage, but the rest of the cast can't touch him.

Technically, the film is rough, but coupled with the subject, setting and grainy B&W (Reversal film?) cinematography, it doesn't matter. Some extra touches could have helped this film push past its limitations and into a more Jim Jarmusch-like area, but *Night Owl* doesn't quite make it into the end zone.

—DEW

VODKA MARTINIS

10 min / Video

Miracle Films



Overextending the influence of pop culture is just one of the many mistakes director Curtis Brown expects his audience to endure with his zealously silly feature *Vodka Martinis*.

The camera loosely follows a lazy afternoon in the life of a drag queen. He wanders around his apartment playing with a huge dildo while a porn flick moans away on the TV. For added emotional impact, Brown blares the crescendos of *Madama Butterfly* to exemplify that his work is not for laughs but is damn serious!

In between the tiresome nods at everything from Charlie Manson to Roman Polanski, Brown asserts his artistic declaration against the



Rubber knifings in VODKA MARTINIS.

exploitation of women. He shows our hero being insulted by a traveling salesman, unto which he/she kills him with a rubber knife. He/she is later attacked and presumably emasculated by an unexplained character while the image of Marilyn Chambers (with semen dripping down her face) is intercut generously.

The fact that Brown takes his piece so seriously is what makes it slightly amusing. His metaphors and symbolism are obvious, yet so force-fed that one can't help but find that to be the great irony. Some of the "talk dirty" moments are entertaining (Who wouldn't be amused by a 40-something man with a mustache in panties and a bra, spouting off about wanting a fat cock in his pussy?), but for the most part, *Vodka Martinis* has all the fun and enjoyment of a bad hangover.

—JB

APPLE CRUMB PANIC

24 min / 16mm

Black Magic Filmworks



Every once in a blue moon, I will pick up an uninterestingly shelled film out of the FTVG drop box and find an amazing piece of art. This film revolves around a bicycle courier (*Not another bicycle courier movie -Ed*), who finds himself in the

TEMPE VIDEO DIRECT

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD 25TH ANNIVERSARY DOCUMENTARY

83 mins. • Cat. No. 8989 • \$19.95 • Directed by Thomas Brown
Gathered together for the first time in 25 years are director George A. Romero and the creative forces behind N.O.D. Also on hand are celebrity interviews with John Landis, Wes Craven, Tobe Hooper, Sam Raimi and other filmmakers. Officially licensed and produced with the cooperation of Image Ten, Inc., NEW LOWER PRICE! "Absolutely indispensable to anyone who loves this seminal classic horror film..." - Ron Ford, Shocking Images

THE DEAD NEXT DOOR

84 mins. • Cat. No. 8984 • \$19.95
Directed by J.R. Bookwalter
A scientist has created the ultimate virus: it takes over and replaces a corpse's cells, using it as a slave to keep supplying its favorite dish...humans! When the virus goes awry, the government fights back with The Zombie Squad. Their mission: save the humans and seek out and destroy the dead! LIMITED AVAILABILITY! "An epic that surpasses even the scale of Romero's staggering efforts, an example of what can be done outside of the studio system..." - David E. Williams, Film Threat Video Guide



DEAD IS DEAD

75 mins. • Cat. No. 1029 • \$19.95 • Directed by Mike Stanley
Eric is attacked and partially dismembered by a mutant creature and left for dead. A woman named Laura finds him and uses an experimental drug on him known as Doxital. Eric uses his supply of the drug to pay off a debt, but the Doxital he gives away is a bad batch! Can he get it back in time? "has a subtle, menacing feel to it, coupled with above-par performances..." - Tom Brown, WHIZ-NBC Radio



OZONE

83 mins. • Cat. No. 8990 • \$29.95
Directed by J.R. Bookwalter
AS SEEN IN FANGORIA! "A stylish ride through some cinematic effects that will leave comparable projects in the dust..." - Hugh Gallagher, Dredline "Tremendous! The sense of danger that hangs over this film is highlighted by surprising effects and a moody musical background that softly underscores the on-screen unease. Risky enough to be independent but slick enough to have the feel of a big studio production...it's absolutely worth a look..." - Michael Copner, Cult Movies "With a movie like this, Bookwalter is the numero uno choice for cult director of the year!" - Movie Month

WINTERBEAST

80 mins. • Cat. No. 8985 • \$9.95 • Directed by Christopher Thies
Something strange is going on up in the mountains of a tiny winter resort community. But this isn't just any winter resort...it's the Indian burial ground of the Chakura tribe! Fearless park ranger Whitman and his bumbling night-hand man Sullivan are hot on the trail when they meet up with Sheldon, owner of the nearby Wild Goose Lodge who holds dark secrets that leads to the Winterbeast! It's action, horror and comedy when The Evil Dead meets Northern Exposure in Winterbeast! NEW LOW PRICE!

GOBLIN

75 mins. • Cat. No. 1031 • \$19.95
A newlywed couple move into their new house, but they don't realize that the previous owner of the house raised a monstrous creature from the depths of hell, and now it's coming back to make up for lost time! The Goblin lays waste to the countryside, hungry to kill anything or anyone in its path!



SHRECK

75 mins. • Cat. No. 1033 • \$19.95
Roger is a young horror fan living in a house whose previous owner happened to be Max Shreck, a Nazi madman who committed a series of murders in the 50's. On the anniversary of his death, Roger and his friends hold a séance and resurrect Shreck! Now they must battle for their very lives as Shreck attempts to complete a horrifying ritual begun years before any of them were born!

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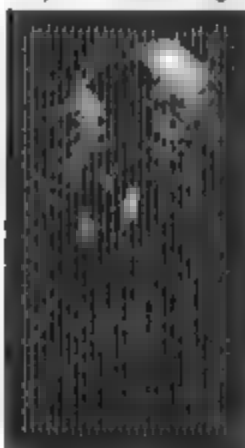
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HELLROLLER - Michelle Bauer & Liz Katan cameo!
MURDER WEAPON - Linnea Quigley gets naked and kills!
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SHATTER DEAD

84 mins. • Cat. No. 8992 • \$29.95
Directed by Scooter McCrae
AS SEEN IN FANGORIA! "McCrae has eschewed the standard trappings of gory zombie movies...emerges as a unique and unsettling entry, mixing religious fervor with our own fears of mortality, desire and belonging. Filled with bizarre and sometimes hilarious imagery as well as extreme but thankfully well-paced and original scenes of violence, Dead overcomes its low-budget origins and manages to be both entertaining and disturbingly thought-provoking at the same time. One last warning: devout Christians and pregnant moms will probably be offended right out of the box!" - Art Weingardner, Alternative Cinema



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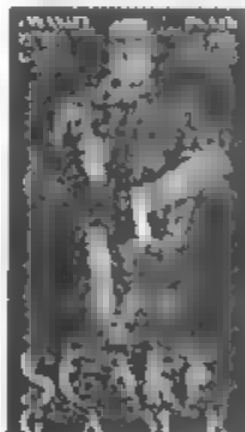
75 mins. • Cat. No. 1572 • \$9.95
Directed by J.R. Bookwalter
During what seems to be a routine drug bust, a hardened cop named Gill meets up with a voodoo doctor named Dr. Death. Death is shot while chanting some ritual but manages to kill Gill in the process, cursing his existence for all time! In the following nights, both Gill and Death rise from their graves to carry out life as members of the undead. Gill enlists the help of his human partner and together they track down the ghoulish Death, who is continuing his nefarious plans for world domination!

THE MAJORETTES

92 mins. • Cat. No. 8988 • \$9.95 • Directed by Bill Hinzman
It's the killing the beautiful young majorettes at the local high school. From the first gruesome murder to an ending that literally explodes with violence, you will descend into a high school nightmare where greed, lust and murderous revenge pass for school spirit, where every locker could be hiding a dead body, where the price for being beautiful is paid in blood, and where everyone's favorite subject is the art of survival. From the book by Horror Hall of Famer John A. Russo (Night of the Living Dead)! NEW LOW PRICE!

THE SCORE GAME

120 mins. • Cat. No. 8991 • \$29.95
Directed by Eric Slezacek
Experience a love gone wrong in The Fine Art. Valerie meets Bill and a passionate romance begins. Valerie soon discovers that she must not only protect her life...she must defend her mind! The Score Game is contained in its own dimension and is run by a demon who roams the game, collecting the souls of the game's victims. Six players face bloody, violent death with each round of the game. In the final round, the strongest player fights one-on-one with The Game Demon...a fight to the death! Insanity is the game...death is the winner!



THE WITCHING

72 mins. • Cat. No. 1034 • \$19.95
Stewart and Morris think they're about to spend a boring Friday at home watching grandma. But Stewart's house magically becomes the doorway between Earth and Hell, where every closet and refrigerator door hides a portal to a mystical dimension, where they must do battle with evil forces that are both human...and inhuman! It's a wild cinematic broomstick ride!

DOMINION

70 mins. • Cat. No. 1037 • \$19.95
There's some new lads on the block. These lads are the Dominion, a battalion of vampiric undead! Led by their pint-sized lord vampire, the bloodsuckers stage a cinematic rock concert to bring back their demonic leader...and everyone's invited! Hot on their trail are two unknowing detectives and the terrible loc's sister!

GALAXY OF THE DINOSAURS

75 mins. • Cat. No. 1578 • \$9.95 • Directed by Lance Randas
Stopping for a brief lunch break on the planet Gurgon, innocent Zyroxians encounter complete chaos and terror as a race of ferocious dinosaurs are hell-bent on turning a field trip into a full-fledged fright fest! The Zyroxians go head-to-head with these prehistoric psychos! BRAND-NEW REMASTERED DIRECTOR'S EDITION! "A classic of its kind...deserves a nomination for the Golden Turkey Awards!" - Peter Gray, Cult Movies

SHOCK CINEMA VOLS. 1-4

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80 mins. • Cat. No. 1030 • \$19.95 • Directed by Betty Stapleford
Army Sergeant Sadow has a problem. The Pentagon bought a former insane asylum to use as a base for the elite female unit The Lethal Ladies. The problem is they didn't check the asylum fallout shelter for leftover inmates! Two were left behind when the nuthouse was abandoned and are now wreaking havoc upon the Army by capturing soldiers and turning them into mindless zombies. Watch out, Saddam Hussein, you're no match for Operation "Zombie" Storm and The Zombie Army!

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81 mins. • Cat. No. 1580 • \$9.95
Directed by Todd Sheets
A young man is caught in a web of terror when he tries to meet his friends at the train station for a reunion. Unfortunately, he never makes it. What he does do, however is stumble into a nightmare world full of zombies, inner-city gangs and serial killers. Zombie Rampage is full of state-of-the-art makeup effects, some of which are the most graphic ever captured on film. Zombie Rampage supplies full-throttle action and graphic violence. It's definitely not for the squeamish or faint of heart!



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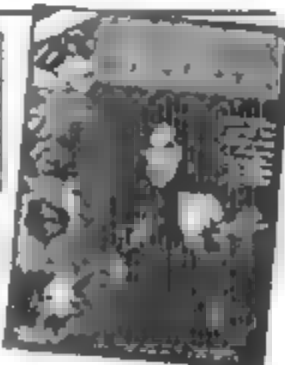
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MY FIRST AWARDS SHOW

Three intrepid filmmakers journey into their own hearts of darkness at the 3rd Annual (Un) Lucky Charm Awards.

A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, MY partners (Todd Spencer and Willie Ambrico) at Neck Down Productions entered our film *Creatures Of The Night* in the Third Annual Lucky Charm Awards, a festival for underground "videotours" and filmmakers held in Seattle, Washington. We were fully aware of the perils and pitfalls of the festival route for independent films but figured "What the hell?" Entry was only ten bucks; it couldn't hurt to enter. Or could it?

Things started out promising: We won our category. *Creatures* was named Best Erotic Film and festival organizer Kelly Wayne Hughes invited us to Seattle to accept our award. Unfortunately, receiving our winner's notification was the last positive memory any of us have regarding the Lucky Charm Awards—aside that Seattle is a cool town.

After driving twenty hours—none of us could afford an airline ticket—we arrived only to be told, "The awards aren't ready yet. They're still being designed."

Word of advice #1: If people are going to travel thousands of miles to receive an award, the least you can do is to have the fucking thing there to give!

Word of advice #2: Have a marketing/sales/vendor area set aside. We brought an entire box of videos with us, thinking that this would be a real festival. You know, that some distributors might attend, maybe schmooze with other filmmakers, maybe hawk a few videos to pay for gas money. Again, no such luck. The "festival" consisted merely of showing up and watching a few godawful clips from camcorder-quality videos. We immediately left for home feeling disgusted and ashamed for having been so gullible.

Things couldn't be worse. But they were.



Todd, Merle and Willie get frosted in Seattle.

We had arranged to have a 1/2 page ad of our now-"Award Winning Film" in *Videotour* magazine, which was to serve as the festival program. It was the perfect tie-in: Receive an award for our film and then advertise it in the magazine that every festivalgoer would have in their little hands. One problem with this marketing strategy: *Videotour* arrived in the mail months after the festival!

And the award? It turned out to be a generic certificate which looked suspiciously similar to those received in grade school for a perfect attendance record—which arrived with *Videotour*.

I'm sure fest organizer Hughes means well—he's definitely not a scam artist—and is, in fact, trying to promote cable-access type video makers who don't have much of an outlet. That's not my bitch.

But the Lucky Charm Awards is billed as a real festival trying to attract entrants from all over the country when it is not!

Maybe it's our fault for getting sucked into the idea of "thanking the Academy and everyone else." But the bottom line is: If you're going to invite professional and semi-professionals to your festival, the least you can do is reciprocate that level of professionalism. **[FTV]**

—Merle Bertrand



A certain creature from their NIGHT.

middle of a series of action-packed mishaps in his attempt to deliver a mysterious package. I won't reveal the ending, because I am not, and never have been Gene Siskel, but trust me, it's worth the dramatic wait. This film is a high quality, low-budget venture and shows a bright future for all those who were involved in its production. It is filmed entirely in the beautiful city of Washington D.C., and surprisingly enough, the music is masterful and seems to flow with the pictures like magic. Although this will never be up to the par of a masterwork about bicycle couriers like *Quicksilver*, the camera work stays loyal to the same type of bicycle adventures. If you like fast-paced, mysteries about the every-day, hard-working person, than you'll love this short. Thumbs up guys—*Hoe, hee!*

Black Magic Film Works, 35 Quincy Place, N.W. Apt. 2 Washington, D.C. 20001.

—DS

16MM PROJECTS

15 min / 16mm / B&W

Festman Prods.



These young filmmakers from Glen Burnie, Maryland, show a lot of promise with this compilation containing three projects. If you're expecting an artistic *tour de force*, you may find this to be rather amateur—one thing you have to remember though is that this is an amateur release. But the direction is far above that of the average schmo who would send in a rigged video tape of someone taking a golf ball in the nuts or a cat doing the Humpty Dance to *America's Fattest and Most Working Class People*. I can honestly say that I enjoyed the cosmic wit that

these guys have provided on their tape. The first of these three segments involves a card game, and the irony involves guns and mischief. The second short is one called "Nature Boy," in which a dead-head gallivants through a forest only to stop on a rock and oversee the outskirts of the beautiful city of Baltimore. The third is a dark-humored vision of Dracula's birthday. Even though none of the ideas here are visionary, the camera work is great. I have one complaint though: The music is cool, but the Butthole Surfers already exist and the world has no room for another.

Fastman Productions, P.O. Box 1901, Glen Burnie, MD 21060.

—DS

X-Plotts

75 min / Video

Roy R. Rogenious



On paper, this film looks good. On paper. Two innocent kids get left on the doorstep of their kiddie pornographer relative. The kids get pushed too far until the older brother uses his power of telekinesis to fight back. Sounds like a lot of fun, right?

Wrong!

The story is destroyed by a boring voice over, incompetent audio, impenetrably dark lighting and a host of other technical problems. Perhaps the worst sin is playing '60s bores, The Zombies during the credits. No, the worst problem is the complete lack of plot movement in this video. Back



The arty-looking lads of Fastman Prods.

to the drawing room, guys.

—Andrew Asch

THREE

45 min / Video

N.G.W.T.T. Prods.



I should have known I was

in trouble when I first looked at the cover. The first line read: "A metaphoric film study of an ordinary man...and his struggle to reach the ultimate existence in a place called 'The Distance.'" (Uh, huh!)

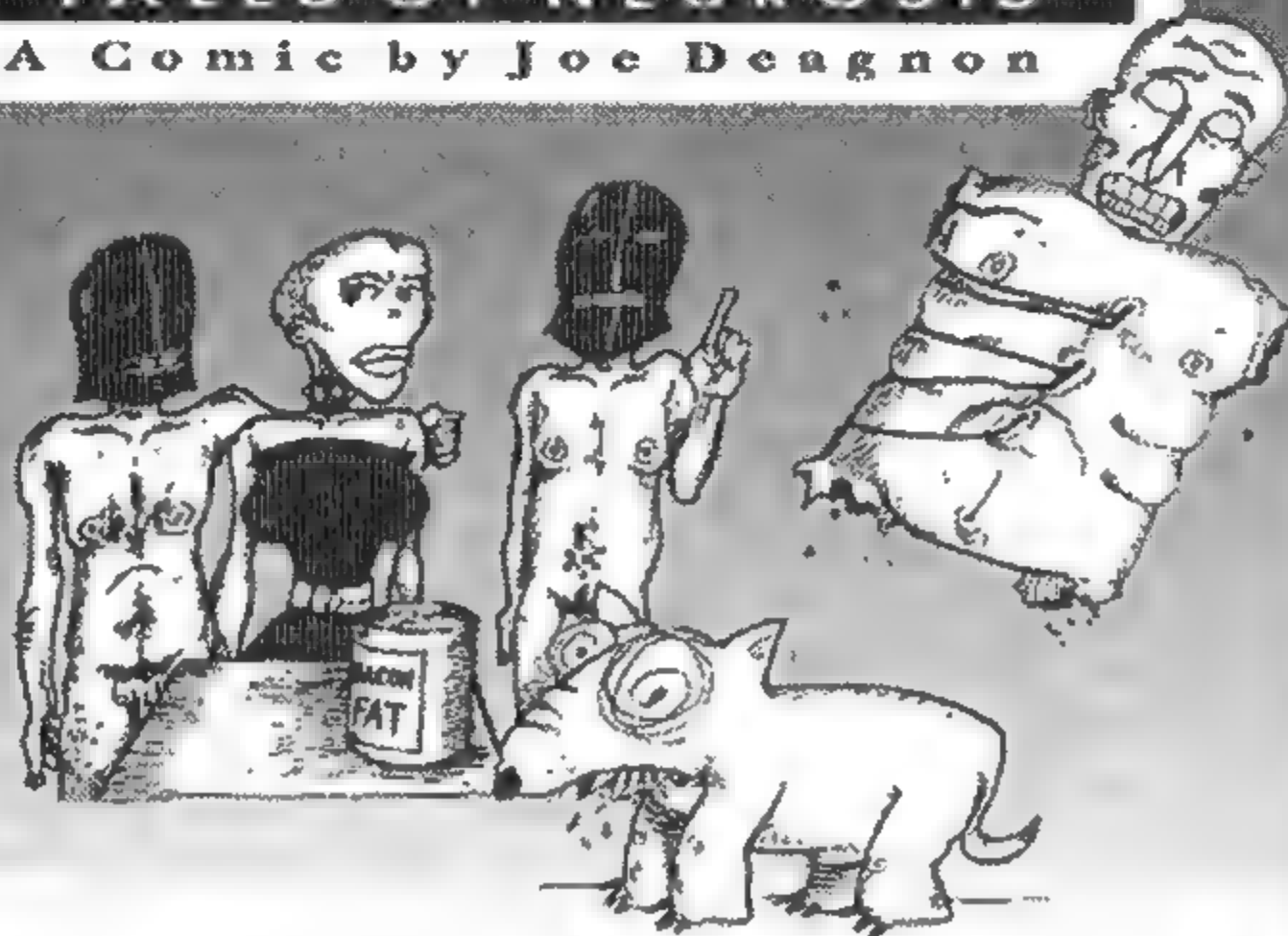
Looked more like shitty video masturbation to me.

Any description that uses

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the words "metaphoric film study of an ordinary man...", can only mean mind-numbing, artsy-fartsy baloney. And this tape certainly fit that description. Call me a close minded, anti-intellectual slug, if you will, but watching lots of crappy, slow-motion video effects and listening to garbled, synthesized beyond comprehension voices spouting such double-speak as "Life is a triangle in which everything comes to speak..." and "...you have yet to fall to begin the second movement, the neo movement," does not make for good film making or enjoyable viewing.

Yet, that's all we were provided with by this lackluster video by creators, Josh Taylor and Nate Hayden. Supposedly the ordinary man is represented by the character "Poor Man", who is struggling to reach his salvation, "The Distance," and must undergo

severe torture at the hands of "The Red Man" who apparently is the leader of "The Society Of Flies"(?), who wants to turn the ordinary man into an image of himself—that being a systematic fly.

Get a life! And quit torturing us with your pretentious nonsense.

—MB

(But how do you really feel?—Ed)

RUN AMOK (AMOKLAUF)

60 min / 16mm

Bolu Film



This German serial killer entry arrived unsolicited through my letter box (courtesy of our esteemed hackmeister editor) with a covering note from director Uwe Boll waxing eloquent about alienation, societal decay, lowest-

common-denominator-pandering TV ad infinitum. Boll's heart is obviously in the right place, but that doesn't stop his celluloid progeny from getting downright boring in parts. The story? A psychotic writer (played in an appropriately zone-trooperish fashion by creepy-looking Michael Rasmussen) rattles off morbid soliloquies to himself in between watching lobotomizing game shows and footage (of a slaughterhouse and an execution) culled from the overrated notorious underground "classic," *Faces of Death* as he clatters diligently away at his laptop. The new Argento, no doubt. Anyway, he stabs his girlfriend and masturbates to a porno (utilizing a novel "Look, ma! No hands!" freestyle) during her grand mal death throes. Satisfied, he goes to a park and shoots several people before wandering home. The end.

An ideological and inspirational mish-mash (I detected chunks of *Roadkill: The Last Days of John Martin*, *Nekromantik*, *Der Todesking* and *Taxi Driver* in the stew), the film is nonetheless pretty stylishly made (all fluid camerawork and arty slo-mo). But—and this is a big but—a lot of the scenes drag on for far too long. I know you're trying to make a point, Uwe, and Buttgereit does it, and it's verisimilitude and everything, but watching five minutes of a guy sitting on a toilet is still boring; if the audience tunes out and reaches for the remote to speed up events (as I did a couple of times), you've lost them. Or maybe you're supposed to and it's all part of the message being conveyed. Suffice to say, this is no *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* by any stretch of the imagination.

—Graham Rae

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CYBERGOTHIC

20 min / Super 8
Gravizaga Primordia Films



Noir-clad Italian art students and daring pseudo-dykes (two women kissing, ooh, controversial) run around in shitty costumes and bad lighting, mouths trying desperately to catch up with the atrocious synching their lips have been subjected to. In the process, they create a new filmic sub-genre: apres-garde. This thing is about as rebellious and boundary-pushing as any Hulk Hogan cashograph non-epic. Madpeople

(PC spelling, eh?) that they are, the shameless perpetrators of this celluloid enema even quote GG Allin to support their "Live slow, die old and leave a wrinkled corpse" credo—"Uccidi il prossimo." Dunno what the fuck it means, but GG (bless his atrophied soul) certainly makes more sense in a foreign language, eh? *Cybergothic*: Dilettante artshit at its worst. Go back to making pizzas, kiddies. Xenophobic ramblings from this Scor perpetuating a stereotypical view of our beloved Italian cousin or possible career move for all involved? Well, you could watch and tell me what you think, but in the meantime I like my pizza deep-pan with extra pepperoni...

—GR

(Like a Scotsman would know good pizza if it bit him—Ed)

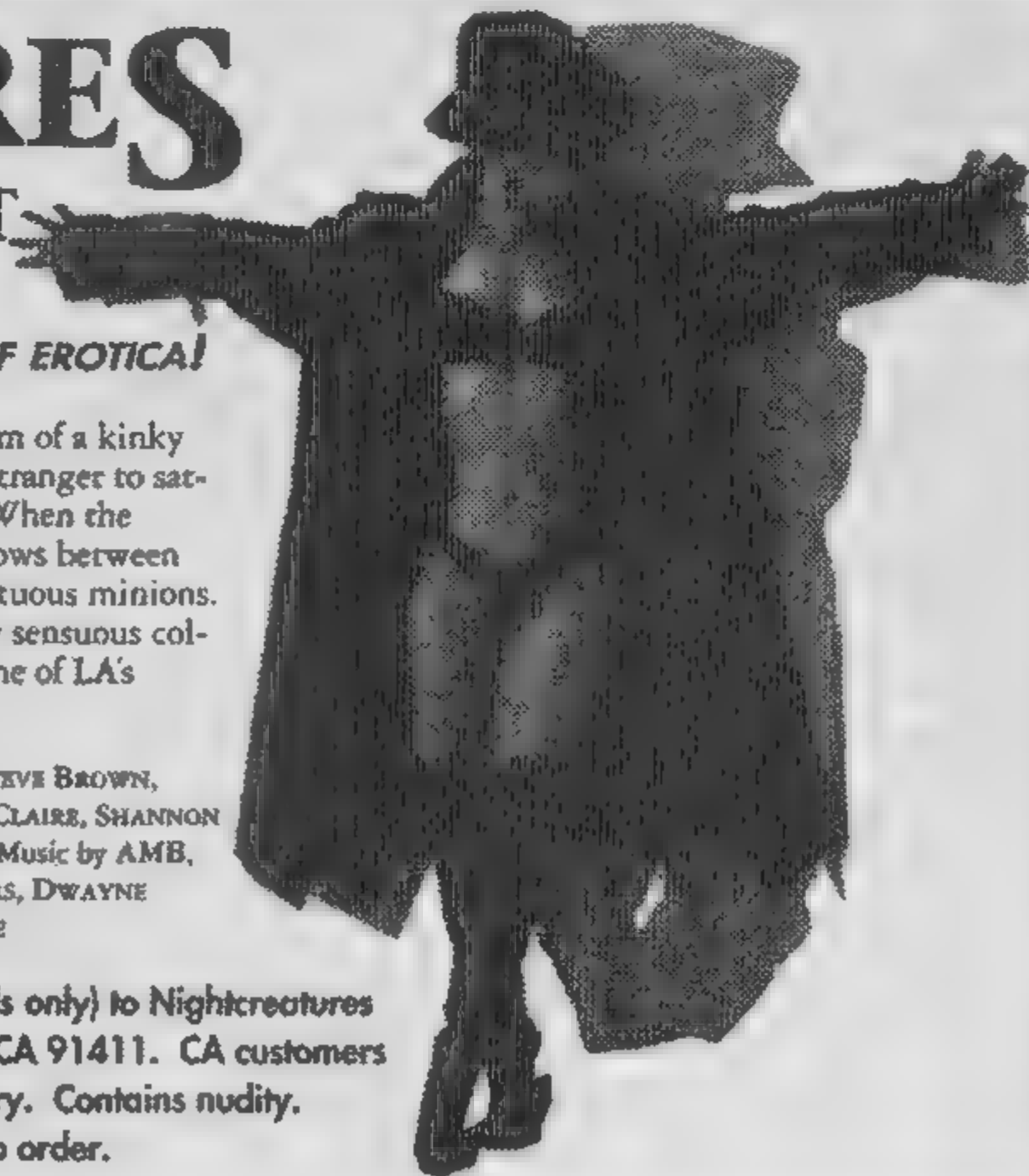
ZOMBIE MASSACRE

60 min / Super 8
Paragon Pictures



Unoriginal title for an unoriginal movie not to be confused with the Carl J. Sukeik release of some time ago. This movie appears to have been made by a group of 12 year old kids (The movie also appears to feature Mom and several others who were willing to embarrass themselves all in the name of *family*). Hey, I'm not out to discourage—especially young film makers—but I'm not gonna give 'em preferential treatment either just 'cause they're kids. On a positive note however, the kid has an idea of putting a movie together, with basic knowledge of standard shots, above average sound for a super 8 flick and good use of music at the appropriate

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT



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moments—though directly ripped off from *Day Of The Dead*. The story is totally unoriginal and ripped off from *Return Of The Living Dead II* (I detect a trend.) as well as other genre films. It's obvious that these kids are big zombie fans and of Mr. Romero in particular.

The acting of course sucks as do the bad and plentiful gore FX. The advertised price on the box is \$14.99 which is kind of a rip-off unless of course you enjoy watching youngsters clowning around on their summer vacation.

—Justin Stanley

MIDNIGHT SUN

76 mm/16mm/Video

Desperado Films



Why me? Why was I given this tape to review? The box it came in was a nice try at a professional sleeve complete with blurbs from alleged reviews, however, I question whether these publications exist. I knew I was in trouble while watching the opening credit block whereby actors credits appeared right there amidst the technical credits.

I admire what Daniel Marrone tried to do with visual style—with some scenes either shot in bad 16mm or mediocre Super 8 while he utilizes regular video and a treatment that gives it a film look. Great idea guys, but a rotten execution, if you ask me.

It also features what is probably the worst editing and optical effects since your sister's wedding video. One more problem is its running time; talk about your never ending stories. And worse again, this film stinks of pretension and heavy snobbish attitude.

If I sound like a grumpy, bitter, old bastard, well I am.

Any filmmaker that calls this entertainment deserves an honest review in return.

—JS

(You grumpy, bitter, old limey bastard!—Ed)

SKULL FACE/STATE OF ECSTASY/SOMETIMES AT THE CHEROKEE SINK

Way Too Long/Video

MSS Films



Imagine if you will the kind of utterly incoherent film George Romero might make if he, (A) had no talent, (B) had no financial backing, (C) had no limbs, and (D) somehow converted a Quaker Oatmeal box pinhole camera into a video recorder. Poorly scripted, filmed, edited, and with a bad score to boot, *Skull Face's* only bright spot was when the members of the cast were hacked to death by an overweight person in a skeleton mask—thereby hastening the film's conclusion. The other two films included on this



Yup, SKULL FACE.

tape were just as confusing yet less interesting (lacking the charm of a chubby, knife-wielding murderer in a Halloween costume). After watching *State of Ecstasy* for

ODD AND ENDS

Though the main purpose of FTVG is to review films, videos and related items, that doesn't stop people from sending in other assorted paraphernalia. Hey, they paid for the postage.

"TAKE AS NEEDED FOR PAIN" EYEHATEGOD

Century Media



EYEHATEGOD.

Yeah, me too. The bastard. Okay, throw away the packaging of comforting images and slogans (honest) and forget the band name. Don't let the band's image fuck with you or impress you, just listen to their beautiful music.

This album is pure hate and if singer Mike Williams (*No relation—Ed*) didn't get anything out of his system while recording it, then he's wasting his time. The purpose of this record is obvious—take as needed for pain. It is a harnessed form of release that will keep you out of jail. It eats your hate and consoles your anger. If you're pissed off about anything, take a dose of this album and you've got a bastardized glee club singing "Join us, friend, be pissed off with us, together!" If you hate someone, listen to EYEHATEGOD and let the band justify your hatred and contempt, know you're not the only one being fucked with. Alternatively, if you're perhaps just slightly peeved about something, listen to this album and feel better knowing that these guys are having a worse time than you.

Musically, "Take As Needed For Pain" is thrash metal at its finest. That is, thrash metal singles played too loudly at 33 rpm. Yeah, this is grinding, jazzy, finger-clicking doom metal in the vein of Sleep and Cathedral.

With their rhythmic dirges and the aggressive, tense emittance of words, EYEHATEGOD has created the perfect soundtrack for a film about a stoned, angry, misanthrope with P.M.T. If this film were ever made, the main shagging scene would be accompanied by the cut "Sister Fucker (Part 1)," 'cause if all the songs on this album have balls, then this one has a dick, too. And an arse. Eh ...perhaps even a couple of legs, too, and a torso.

"Take As Needed For Pain" is not a cure, but merely a light sedative for the shit happening around us today. If you get a hold of this album, my only advice is not to listen to it if you are happy because it will become tedious, bland and incredibly depressing. **[FTW]**

—Malcolm Middleton

EYEHATEGOD singer Mike Williams is also a die hard *FILM THREAT* fan—which didn't hurt.



Video devotee Charles (*Twisted Issues*) Pinion returns with a far more perverse yet somewhat less entertaining tale of inheritance, gravity-defying breasts, back-from-the-dead-back door-brutality, masturbation and all things surreal.

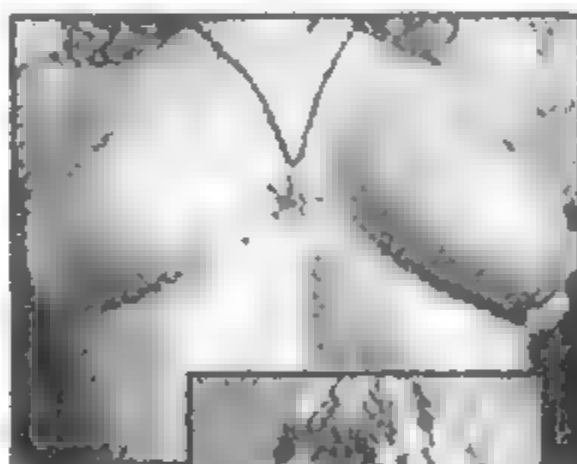
The trouble starts as Marilyn (also producer Annabel Lee) inherits a house in snowy Vermont from her supposed-witch great-grandmother—prompting the wrath of an unscrupulous real estate hawk. Fortunately, supernatural forces come to her aid, nastily knocking off the baddies with typical Pinion flair—complete with all the surrealism one can muster for \$1.95.

Cameos include Kembra Pfahler, Samoa, Pinion (as a jack-off happy hick), R. Kern and a plethora of other underground icons.

Inferential Pictures, PO Box 40285, San Francisco, CA 94110



(Top) Producer/star Lee is brutalized by greedy thugs in *RED SPIRIT LAKE*. (Below) Loads of sex and violence



(Above) Kern appears as a sadistic thug with a penchant for nipples.

some time and having no real idea what was going on, I gave up and cruised through the rest of the tape with my trusty fast forward button.

See ad in classified section.

—Scott Russo

(The filmmaker responsible for this mess, Matt Smith, makes incessant calls to our office demanding we review his work. As if to provoke some response, he last sent a press release outlining how he was nearly committed to an asylum by concerned authorities. Unfortunately for us, Smith eluded that fate. Hopefully, they at least took his camcorder far, far away.—Ed)

SCOUT'S HONOR

15 min/Video

Steve Hall



What could be more intriguing than a film about one of mankind's most bizarre creations: the blow-up love doll?

The video box piqued my curiosity with a titillating photo of a white female doll being skull-fucked by a male doll with a large, gnarled, ebony black schlong. Taboo inter-racial love doll lust (which is illegal in 48 states, though I hear you can get married in Hawaii if you can get a blow-up minister to perform the ceremony). As great a premise as this seemed, the final product didn't deliver. Though interesting, (I had never seen balloons fuck before), and a great conversation starter (Hey, I just saw this weird film with love dolls fornicating!) the novelty quickly wore thin without sufficient witty dialogue to back it up. I was put ill at ease (hitting a little too close to home perhaps...) by a scene where a priest doll hangs a female doll

in bondage from the ceiling and not only whips her, but burns her plastic titrries with a hot iron rod (the charred flesh is mimicked with what looks like barbecue sauce).

Throughout the entire film I was unable to overcome the strange feeling I was watching one of Gerry Anderson's wet dreams where the entire extended Thunderbirds family is having sex with each other. (Whatever happened to good wholesome sitcom fun? Can you imagine Ed Asner resorting to burning Mary Tyler Moore's hooters for a laugh? Take this, sweetheart! Ow! Mr. Grant...!)

You're a sick, sick boy, Steve Hall. If you people have a penchant for torture and plastic dolls, this may be just the odd video you've been waiting for.

—SR

CHOPS

85 min/Video

Anthony Vandeuren, Andrew Adzima and Chris Dame



Though a more apt title would be, *Revenge Of The Out-Of-Shape Guys*, *Chops* is the story of two homicidal brothers (one quite calorically-challenged and the other merely kind of soggy), Biscuits, and Chops, who go around killing people just for the hell of it ("If we didn't do it, someone else would," Biscuits reasons).

Lousy (for the most part) special effects, and a story that drags on like a Sunday afternoon mass. (I viewed this over two days and felt like I was watching all eight hundred hours of *Masada* back to back). I must admit, though this video is fairly amateurish, after

watching the first half, I found myself sort of smiling about it at work the next day.

Something in *Chops* had entertained me. Perhaps it was the use of a dead woman as an ottoman. Yes, a footstool. (That's something we haven't seen in cinema since Kate Hepburn farted out her award winning role as a fountain pen in *The Desk Set*—before she started shaking like an evangelical priest in heat.) The frightening part of the film is the characters' callous attitude toward rape. (after brutally beating a woman in the forest, Biscuits casually and excitedly says (not for the first time), "Hey, let's rape her," as if it were an incidental afterthought (like, oh, let's have dessert). In a previous scene after a woman is killed and Chops has slept with her, Biscuits drags her out of Chops' bed into the living

room, throws her down next to him, and slams her head into his crotch while he watches a porno flick. Once he has finished having sex with her face, he tosses her corpse onto the floor. The film does have some brighter spots however, such as when the two brothers dance wildly to the beat of The Village People's "Macho Man," grossly stuff their faces with an entire chocolate layer cake and fatally beat a Dominos Pizza boy to death (the latter, a desire we all share in common, no doubt).

To recap: questionable rape morality, too long, and cheesy SPFX. On the other hand, there's still that dead lady used as an ottoman. If you ask me, here just aren't enough women used as furniture in films these days.

—SR

DIRT/MORE DIRT/EDIE DOES MANHATTAN

60 min/Video

Ben Howell



Imagine if you will the entire cast of characters in a film being Weebles, those annoying egg-shaped toys from when you were a kid that just wouldn't fall down no matter how hard you smacked them. Also imagine muffled sound and a narrator with a sweetly fey voice doing all the characters by himself, so they all sound like Liberace. It's all here in a film called *Dirt*. Unfortunately, the only parts of the video I found interesting were two very odd pieces of old footage spliced in, one of a sailor with what appeared to be fireworks or sparklers on his dick that exploded, and the other of a woman chowing

down on a massive cock. (Hmmm...what's on my mind you wonder...) Aside from that, the narration was just too difficult to hear, and the dialogue too campy. Much to my disappointment, the second feature, *More Dirt*, was more of the same, but with decidedly gayer characters. For the third and final feature, *Edie Does Manhattan*, I hit the FF button with a vengeance.

—SR

ATTACK OF THE MUTANT ROADKILL

Didn't see the end/Video

Harold Olinisky



Night of the Living Dead, but with cheesy, airborne groundhogs.

—SR

[An epic review, this one.—Ed]

THE CAPPER LIST

The Offender

1. David Hamme
2. Jamie Painter
3. San Francisco
4. Laura L. Clemons
5. Cathartic Filmworks
6. Vernon Silver
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9. Richie (guy with limp)
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Homophobes, beware of Sex.

SEX IS...

80 min/16mm

Outsider Prods.



This beautifully shot and flawlessly edited documentary

about gay sex is not for the hetero squeamish or faint of heart. There's dick everywhere, so watch out. The cast of characters is limited but fairly diverse in age and occupation (average guy, porn star, filmmaker, aging old drag queen).

Each, in turn, speaks about what sex for them was, and is like, what it means to them, and what role it plays in their lives, pre, and post AIDS (though there is no masochistic dwelling on AIDS as in every other piece of gay film and literature).

The conversations are skillfully cut and weaved together to form a seamless whole that is technically very pleasing and entertaining. While the conversations are very frank and open, they are at the same time intimate and often humorous. One older man speaks about how he used to beat off using Alberto VO5, and a twentysomething guy tells the tale of how his choir teacher took him and some fellow crooners into the mountains camping, where, among other things, the instructor introduced them to nudism

and Libertarianism. (I'm sure Libertarian Party gubernatorial candidate Howard Stern is so proud.—Ed)

Highlights of the film include director Marc Huestis, who himself as one of the interviewees, is seemingly unable to control his saliva production. As the film progresses, more and more foam seems to build up in his gullet. Somehow, either through sleight of hand or Herculean strength, he manages to continue to speak undaunted by the suds pooling feverishly in his head. The film ended too soon as I was hoping to see his face explode on camera.

I couldn't help but wonder if one of the requirements of being interviewed for this film, aside from being a gay male, was lousy dental work. Scarcely have I seen such bad teeth in an entire oeuvre, let

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alone one film. Two of the guys interviewed (out of about seven total) had some frightening choppers. Perhaps one of the heretofore scientifically unexplored side effects of cocksucking is bad teeth. If there are any gay orthodontists (or slightly confused dentists who like showtunes) out there who get turned on by cure guys with lousy mouths, this film is for you. (Maybe show it in your office to your patients as you're gassing and feeling them up.)

All in all, *Sex is...* is a quality film, entertaining and interesting if you like dick or are sympathetic to those who happen to.

Outsider Prods., 3525 17th St. #17, San Francisco, Ca 94110 (415) 863-3226

—SR

THE FORTH ANNUAL HILL COUNTY MACHINE GUN SHOOT OFF

36 min/16mm
Eliot Rockett



In the best tradition of documentaries, *The Fourth Annual Hill Country Machine Gun Shoot Off* is informative, funny and downright scary.

The filmmaker, Eliot Rockett, showed me that perhaps I'm naive, because I didn't know that many people outside the Koresh compound stocked these kinds of heavy weapons. Apparently a growing number people across America collect machine guns and go to shoot offs around the country. It seemed like 99 percent of these people are overweight crackers who spend a lot of time apologizing for their obsession. "It's like stamp collecting, just a whole lot noisier," says one enthusiast.

It's noisy enough to piss off the neighbors and the police and it is far from stamp collecting. One segment showed a night shoot that looked exactly like CNN video from Baghdad. If this was just a simple picnic the neighbors wouldn't be so mad, but set up a couple .50s and add some judicious tracer fire...

Rockett still has a little way to go before he hits the documentary heights of Michael Moore and Barbara Kopple, but this is definitely a must see.

—AA

GIRLFRIENDS

120 min/Video
Riot Pictures



When I saw the premise of *Girlfriends*, a movie about two lesbian serial killers, I thought, "Aha! Perfect! How can they go wrong with lesbian serial killers?"

They went wrong.

Girlfriends is one of those all-too-common films that promises oh so much more than it delivers. Steamy sex between luscious ladies? Horrifyingly original and gruesomely depicted murder scenes? Dream on! Instead, the film centers around Wanda Earle and Pearl McClusky, two white-trash lesbians who survive on the fringe of society by way of panhandling schemes, turning tricks, and oh yeah, the occasional murder of wealthy fat guys with stuffed wallets.

In spite of the feminine twist on the serial killer theme, the bulk of this movie is as trite and cliched as any other slasher film. Writer Wayne A. Harold has created characters with nothing likeable about them. Not the men, who are all predictably depicted as incredible losers, and cer-

tainly not Wanda and Pearl. Put it this way—when Wanda picks up John only to discover that he, too, is a serial killer, I was pulling for him!

And with far too many long, static shots of our heroines droning on in nasal southern drawls, schlocky special effects cheats and a tediously paced storyline, directors Mark Steven Bosko and Harold have conspired to turn a promising premise into a plodding bore.

—Merle Bertrand

STILL LIFE

35 min/Video
Young Pictures



After seeing this movie, I never want to have writer's block again! In *Still Life*, director Sascha Paladino weaves the warped tale of Beth (Dagmara Dominczyk), a talented young painter with a hellacious case of inspiration deficiency. While she can paint specified objects spectacularly, it seems she can't create art from the heart, which, of course, frustrates her to no end.

The film gets twisted when she realizes that the only thing that inspires her to paint is committing murder. She discovers this quite by accident when, after struggling vain-

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ly to whip up a painting for an art show, she shoots an intruder in her apartment.

Inspiration floods her and she creates a masterpiece...and receives a request for a follow-up piece. So she kills and creates again, which leads to her getting a commission to create 15 more works. The body count rising, she ponders the thought of 15 more murders and agonizes over whether inspiration is worth the price of human life (you know, like in the Corman classic *Bucket of Blood*).

Still Life, in its present form, is a near-miss. While the photography is adequate for video and the acting is competent (especially Dominczyk, who is fetchingly *Angst*-ridden and vulnerable as Beth), an air of youthful amateurish inexperience hangs over the film; director Paladino desperately needs to learn a few basic rules about screen direction and editing continuity to remedy this.

When that happens, though, *Still Life* is a darkly comic—and disturbing enough—premise to be worked up into a feature-length film. Until then, it was hopefully a learning experience.

—MB

HALF DEAD

17 min./Video

Mike Trippiedi Prods.



Beth has an inoperable brain tumor and has two months to live. Her last wish is to murder an annoying co-worker, but she has to practice first to make sure she can actually carry out a murder. So she stabs a transvestite hooker, something that Vince happens to witness.

Now Vince, as it turns out, has accidentally killed his wife in a fit of rage after she catches him dialing a gay 900 number. He blackmails Beth into re-creating his crime with his wife's body so she can be blamed for it, since she's going to die anyway.

Such is the improbable set-up for Mike Trippiedi's black comedy *Half Dead*, a tape that felt more like a comedy sketch than a movie. *Half Dead's* contrived plot isn't even remotely believable, but I get the feeling it wasn't meant to be taken seriously, such is the element of farce evident throughout the tape. And aw, hell, why not? I mean, it's a goofy premise and it looks like everyone involved had a lot of

fun acting fast and frantically.

This was certainly no less humorous than most of the skits you'll find on *Saturday Night Live* nowadays. Give this puppy a laugh track, tighten it up a bit, and it would probably fly on network T.V.

—MB

SIMPLE PLEASURES

13 min./Video

Mike Anderson



My friend Kurt told me that the Apocalypse is coming. As proof he offered Mr.

Arafat's recent trip to Israel and the virus-plagued strain of streptococcus bacteria that actually dissolves human flesh. I told him Nostradamus smoked peyote buttons and that there are plenty of decaffeinated brands that taste just as good as regular coffee. My vision of the End includes Wilford Brimley naked with a hard-on in my breakfast nook and a 500-channel cable system chock-full o' shit like Mike (Tom) Stanley's dreadful *Dead is Dead* and this fetid fecal flick, *Simple Pleasures*.

Shot with no money and no working knowledge of the equipment (a "Sears-bought video camera" and a "clip-on light from Wal Mart," sayeth the enlightening hand-written note that accompanied the tape), *Simple Pleasures* is about a man whose face we never see (inventive!) and his quest to vacate his bowels in peace (a concept not even worthy of the 12:47 spot on "Saturday Night Live"). The creators of this innocuous clutter are not only guilty of being developmentally 12 years old and having no skill as filmmakers, but they also borrow heavily from the soundtrack of Quentin Tarantino's recently debunked gangster fave

Reservoir Dogs. Calling an awful movie about shitting a piece of shit is too easy, but a well-thought analogy would be a waste. You'll have to write your own snappy anti-rag.

By the way, Kurt says that the world will end December 12, 1998. There will be no need to buy Christmas gifts that year.

—Spincy Norman

DRIP

17 min./Video

David Sims



Ponderous arsy crap.

Those were the first three words I could think to write, and they quite adequately sum up this brooding masturbatory exercise in no-budget tedium.

With misplaced snippets of Angelo Badalamenti and Peter Gabriel playing on the soundtrack, *Drip* tells the story of a grungy, flannel-clad dooper who seeks escape from a woe-filled world that neither knows nor wants him.

Drip looks like one part *The Wall* (grunge-boy shaves his head as part of his "metamorphosis") and one part *The Devil and Miss Jones* (protagonist liberates plasma with cutlery in bathtub), with smatterings of David Lynch (the choice of music and a *Twin Peaks* poster adorning the wall) thrown in the mix. It's all shot with the keen eye of a convenience store cinematographer (mostly in unwatchable black-and-white) and makes me wonder why I persist in asking Dave Williams to send me more videos to review when each batch will inevitably contain dismal dreck like *Drip* (the answer: The chance of finding a pearl like *The Blind Lead* or *Shatter Dead*).

—SN

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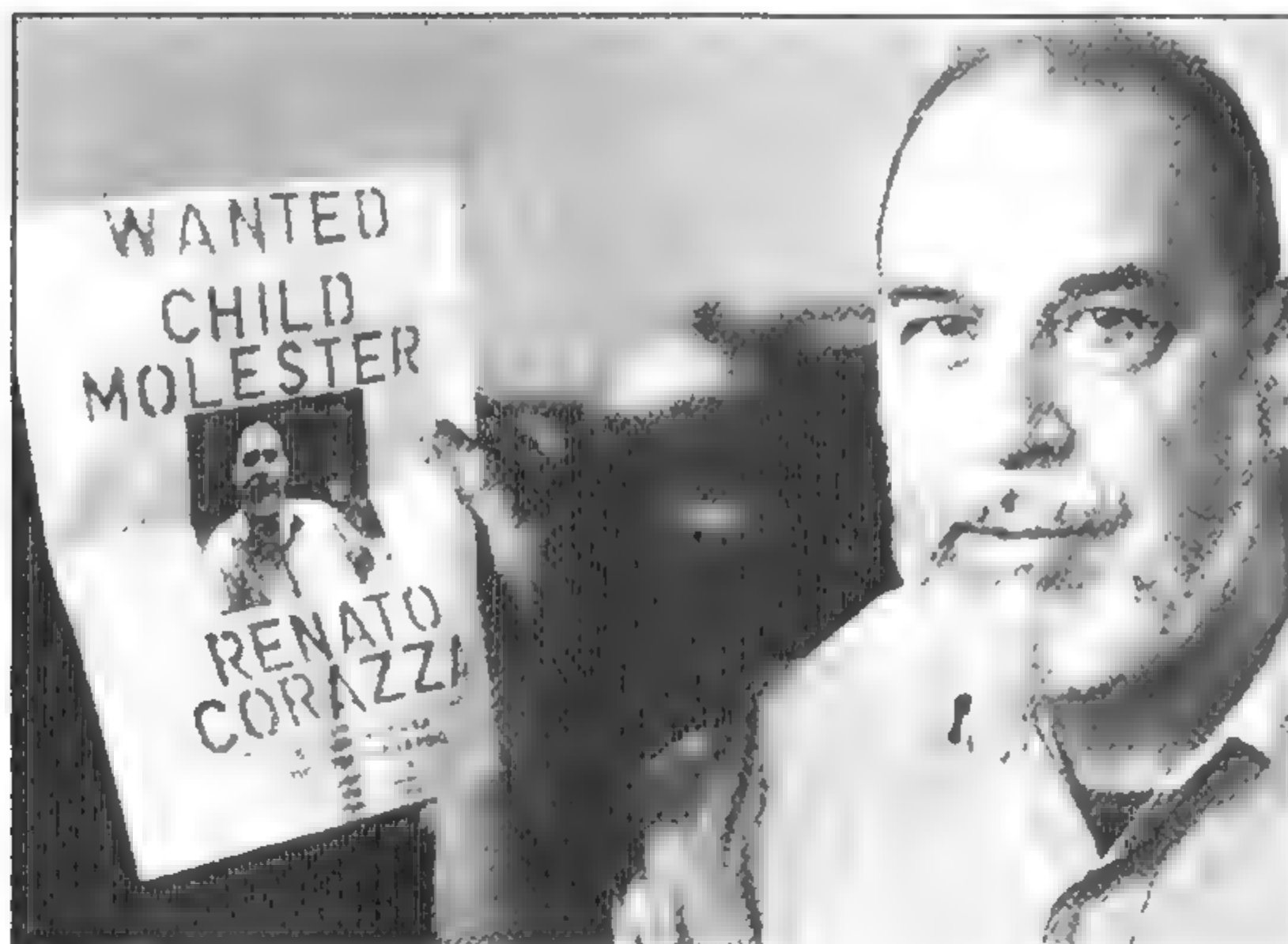
Steven Callahan (David Wittman) is a therapist whose newest patient Christian (Joseph F. Alexandre) is a fashion photographer suffering from a recurring series of bizarre and violent dreams that seemingly coincide with the suspicious disappearance of several male models. Trash mouthed detective Tim Poroski (John Thomas) must try to fight a mountain of bureaucracy to get these brutal slayings solved before the killer strikes again. As the plot tightens, Steven & Christian become involved in a deadly game of cat & mouse.

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Boy Lover: frequent Howard Stern Show non-guest Renato Corazza in **CHICKEN HAWK**.

CHRONICLES OF THE KRILL

48 min/Pixel Video
Pixelhood Prods.



At first glance, *The Chronicles of Krill* looked pretty stupid. A wide-eyed puppet alien, reminiscent of Gerry Anderson's scary-puppet *Thunderbirds* series, narrates, in a computer-generated drone, this supposedly-fictional account of extraterrestrials on Earth and our government's cover-up of them. As Krill, the alien life form, continued imparting his vivid conspiratorial opus, however, I overlooked that which initially made me snicker and enjoyed this quirky little creation for what it was.

Director Aaron Allen cleverly combines footage shot using a Fisher Price PXL and Amiga-enhanced alien-themed film and television clips. The result is an imaginative and psychedelic *Tribulation 99* of

sorts. Allen also makes a very believable case for the existence of such a being—so much that I begin to think that if he's not locked away in some government resort, he now has a sub-aquatic address next door to that silly person who found a cure for AIDS and that fool who invented an engine that runs on sea water (the fervent conspiracist in me is once again awakened).

—SN

ROAD KILL

85 min/35mm
Electro Entertainment Group



Movies like *Road Kill* are one of the reasons writing for *FTVG* is worth it in the end. Granted, movies about serial killers have become increasingly trite as of late (*Kalifornia* —yay!), sometimes dwarfed in scope by true-life gristle and gore, but I can't help but be impressed by how good this one looks.

Road Kill introduces us to a trio of well-sketched characters. Josh (Sean Bridgers) is an innocent college kid hitchhiking to college from South Carolina to California. His transcontinental hosts, Clint and Marla, are a likeable yet ill-tempered homicidal couple. Clint (Andrew Porter) is a dark, misogynistic son-of-a-Baptist who demands respect and Marla (Deanna Perry) is comely, loyal flock. Josh, naive throughout, must come to terms with his limited view of the world and fight it if he is to survive the wrath of the two.

Perry and Porter's natural born killers are acted quite well. I found myself liking them until they turned really nasty and killed Stupid the Clown (he would have *deserved* his fate had he been Stupid the Mime). The score and soundtrack work well, too, and the entire production says quality, from the strong script to the rich, crisp colors *Road Kill* was shot in. The hard work by

writer/producer/director Tony Elwood and his cast and crew is evident, and most importantly, so is the fun they had making it.

—SN

CHICKEN HAWK

55 min/Video
Stranger Than Fiction



Every once in a while a documentary arrives in the offices whose content completely overshadows all other facets of the piece. Adi Sideman has put together an enlightening film on those NAMBLA chaps (See feature, page 65). Of all the pedophiles featured in this comprehensive piece, it is the 55 year old Leyland Stephenson who stands out as a pedophile to watch in the future. Sideman gets him picking up little boys at mini-malls, attending a gay march and handling office duties back at the NAMBLA headquarters. Getting this kind of insight and access to such disturbed fellows is all part of the docu process and Sideman has done remarkably in his endeavor. The film is quite objective and never takes a stand but opts to just present the info. Also featured is Straight Kids USA, an organization whose goal is to disrupt Leyland and Co. While the production values leave a little to be desired, the content is so shocking, yet entertaining, it's a must-see. Watch this one enter the mainstream.

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—Dominic Griffin

(*Though the back door?—Ed?*)

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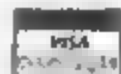
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The charmingly titled GORE WHORE closes out Hugh Gallagher's trilogy of titillating terror.

by Merle Bertrand

IFIRST RAN ACROSS THE FILM that launched Hugh Gallagher's disgusting—and appropriately named—Gore Trilogy a couple of years ago when I first started working here at FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE. My impressions of this first film, *Gorgasm*, were less than positive, to say the least.

Frankly, I thought the film was incredibly amateurish in its execution, and apparently I wasn't the only one who felt that way—judging from the comments of other saps lured in by the video's provocative cover art. But while *Gorgasm* looked and sounded like the kind of video that most people shoot when they pick up a camcorder for the first time, the title and box art proved provocative enough to generate a second film, *Gorotica*.

Though not a sequel, per se, *Gorotica* featured plenty of generally cheesy gore and some softcore sex, with a bunch of necrophilia and a little S&M on the side. What *Gorotica* also displayed was a marked improvement in Gallagher's grasp of filmmaking. That, in turn, has led to the recent culmination of the trilogy, *Gore Whore*, the story of a downtrodden detective whose tracking a re-animated street whore and her stolen, life-giving

elixir. (See review this issue.)

In *Gore Whore*, we see another step in Gallagher's continuing improvement and evolution as a filmmaker, as well as a perfect example of the old maxim, "If you want something done right, do it yourself." In

Gallagher's universe, "right" would probably be having a beautiful naked woman in a movie splattered by blood.

Gallagher is the editor and publisher of *Dracula* magazine, a friendly rival of FTVG's that specializes in covering low-budget horror videos and movies featuring that spawn of the video revolution known as the Scream Queen. (For those not in the know, "Scream Queens" are those "beautiful" actresses who specialize in cheesy horror and/or T&A sexploitation flicks.) Most of these movies, and practically all of their even lower-budgeted, shot-on-video imitators, rely on

just this kind of graphic bloodletting, along with plenty of butts and boobs, to capture the attention of the droolers in the video viewing marketplace.

Needless to say, the movies in Gallagher's Gore Trilogy offer up these same fine qualities. So were the films of the Gore Trilogy deliberately intended to be the kind of movie he'd normally feature in *Dracula*?

"Yeah, pretty much," Gallagher admits. "That's what I'm interested in. But not as much anymore. The market has slowed for that kind of stuff." But not before the Gore Trilogy has made its mark.

Contrary to what, in hindsight, seems like a perfectly thought out master plan, the Gore Trilogy instead, fitfully evolved. First came *Dracula* magazine, which laid the foundation for other titles in the chain such as *Focus* and *Dracula Fear Book*, as well as a couple of other international fanzines that *Dracula* Publishing acquired the rights to, including the always entertaining *Oriental Cinema*. Through these various magazines, "... I just talked about filmmaking."

(Top) The first victim is was just another scumbag waiting to get popped. (L) The ex-cop and his girl try to get the goods on the gore gal.





(Top) The proverbial "gore whore" in all her ghastly pallor. (Above) The idiot doc is cut off at the knees—too bad he'll never die!

Gallagher explains. "Then after making a few contacts, I realized, 'I can do this!'" Thus *Gorgasm* was born. *Gorotica*, the follow-up to *Gorgasm*, was never intended to be part of any series. In fact, *Gorotica* was first called *Wake the Dead*, the director recounts. "But everyone said no, that sounded too much like a zombie movie. Somebody suggested the name *Gorotica* and it stuck."

According to Gallagher, that film sold the most copies, generated the most publicity, and basically financed the final installment, *Gore Whore*, which was shot for about \$5,000. "When I did the third movie, they said, 'You have to make it a trilogy,' so we called it *Gore Whore*.

Why not? With this third movie, Gallagher seems to lean a bit more on the gore and less on the skin and sex of the

earlier two videos, and *Gorotica* especially. For a so-called Gore Trilogy, more blood makes sense, but it seems like there was another more compelling reason to downplay the nudity.

"The first time Audrey (Audrey Street, *Gore Whore's* lead), took her clothes off was the cemetery scene and she had an inverted sternum! I didn't even know there was such a thing! I guess I'll have to ask that question in future applications!" Gallagher chuckles. "She had the look of a \$20 street whore...she fit the part, but I want to get back to more beautiful women in my films, like Gabriella (the biker babe pin-up star of *Gorgasm*)."

That would all tie in with Gallagher's plans to shoot a *Dracula* movie in 16mm by the end of the summer. "There may be an investor in place," Gallagher confides, "but I don't even know if there's a marketplace for it." Maybe, maybe not. But with Hugh Gallagher's *Dracula* franchise expanding and going strong, a *Dracula* movie seems like the ultimate in low-budget cross-pollination; an obvious way for Gallagher to flex his growing empire's muscles and his own evolving filmmaking talent. Can "Interactive Gore" be far behind? **TM**

ASSAULT YOUR SENSES!

**THE 25
UNDERGROUND
FILMS
YOU
MUST
SEE**

Here's what's been reported on some of the best examples of indie cinema we've seen over the last decade—uncensored and back in your face.

edited by David E. Williams and Dominic Griffin

IN CASE YOU'VE JOINED US LATE, **FILM THREAT** and **FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE** have together spent the last 10 years sifting through the countless films spawned by the super-independent, counterculture, ready-to-challenge filmmakers we refer to as The Underground. Over that decade, the cream has slowly risen to the top, giving us the chance to finally make our first serious recommendation to the many people who incessantly inquire, "So, uh, what are some of the best ones you've seen and where can I get them?"

Our routine response was to laugh and point to a back issues ad so they could research the dilemma themselves, but now we can finally respond, "HERE!" and thrust this issue into their grubby little hands.

WHY THESE FILMS?

Cult movies, as covered in other publications, are not necessarily "Underground." Think about it. Was *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, a Hollywood film gone awry in the hands of an alternately-minded director, an intentional

challenge to the masses—other than those with insomnia? Though they have cult followings, are Bette Davis or Joan Crawford really Underground actresses? Could a horror flick made by some obscure Spanish director 20 years ago really be relevant to what's happening today?

No. And besides, there are already tons of books in which you can read all about them. Instead, we're looking at what was produced by the people they influenced.

Others might wonder if Underground film founders as Kenneth Anger, Bruce Conner, Stan Brakhage or Maya Deren should be found on this list. Well?

Sorry, anyone whose films are prime fodder for esoteric film school focus classes are counted *right out*. And besides, what have they done over the last ten years? (aside from the deceased Deren) Coast on past success? (Yeah, well they didn't send us a tape—especially not Brakhage or Conner.)

In short, all of the following films were not only sent to **FILM THREAT** over the last decade, but:

(1) Aren't the result of some grant from an administration-heavy foundation.

(2) Aren't yet taught at any university as *cinema*.

(3) Couldn't be repackaged and sold to Hollywood as a \$30 million "Gen X" flick starring Keanu Reeves or Winona Ryder

(4) Weren't made for the sole reason of commercial appeal.

(5) Isn't a cult film—i.e. films that for some reason have collected a following for reasons other than the filmmakers' intentions.

(6) Couldn't be used as a resumé to show "What film school did for me."

(7)...Er, uh, okay, this list idea is stupid and several of these points can be well-argued at various levels, but in short, these are films that challenge audiences with subjects that they either don't know about or don't want to know about. (You know, has a certain *squirm factor*.)

So enough talk about what these 25 films aren't. Find out now what they are—in no particular order of course—who made them and how you can get your shaking hands on them. Well, most of them.

In addition to 20 fairly attainable videos, 5 more are of dubious origins.

THE FILMS

ANIMAL ATTRACTION

THAT WAS THEN

For a student film to inspire any reaction other than boredom and indifference is extremely rare. Of the 129 films screened that year at UCLA, none received anything but cursory attention, media or otherwise. When George Cunningham screened a rough cut of *Animal Attraction* (then called *Casa De Hee Haw*) in 1988, Latino protesters demanded the film be burned.

Fade in on the US/Mexican border, the cars filing through for inspection. The camera cranes down to reveal ace reporter Frank Mamber. He tells us he is going to take us to the notorious Casa De Hee Haw, a dark grungy bar with black velvet paintings on the walls, crammed with its clientele of American tourists, sailors, coke-snorting Shriners in red fezzes and beer-swilling good ol' boys. Is Cunningham going to show a donkey coupling with a woman? Throughout the

screening of the film, in between the laughter, there were loud catcalls from the audience: "Racist!"

—Todd Longwell
FT#22, Vol 1 1990

THIS IS NOW

Possibly one of the best short satires to ever be made at a fully accredited, state university, *Animal Attraction* is truly brilliant and can alternately clear an entire room or have everyone in the joint laughing—in record time yet. As bestiality films are understandably illegal, this clever parody of US/Mexican, rich/poor relations is the best way to see such depravity without fear of (at least legal) reprisal.

—DEW
Contact UCLA, Dept. of Motion Pictures



(Top) Sartorially smart Cunningham supports both his alma mater and Latino culture, although critics would rather not see his satiric film at all (Below).

ARISE: THE SUBGENIUS VIDEO

THAT WAS THEN

Arise is an astounding monument to the Gospel of Slack, a five-year-in-the-making hodgepodge of 50's movies, psychedelic video effects and an innate hipness that borders on the eerie. Perfect for illiterates, *Arise* presents conspiracy theories that never seemed so real or funny—but now I'm firmly convinced that the Church of the SubGenius is much more than just a bunch of idiots who worship a disembodied, pipe-chomping head. The narration by radio star Hal Robins is at once hilarious and oddly compelling as it recalls both Bob Dobb's "erotic life" and "gory death" in a flowing verse that was clearly intended to hypnotize and subdue the viewer while explaining the SubGenius manifesto. Expounding the virtues of violent capitalism and free love, *Arise* is brought to life by an audio/visual attack unparalleled in recent years, making it an essential purchase. The promotional package that came with the tape warns: "You'll spontaneously pyroflaruate." I did and it changed my life.

—DEW

FT#22, Vol 1 1990

THIS IS NOW

Still amazing, *Arise* was a groundbreaking video that we'd hoped would lead to more from the SubGenius organization. Unfortunately that was not to be. I guess working on anything for five years is bound to make it pretty good—but not leave you ready to do much else.

—DEW

The SubGenius Foundation, PO Box 140306,
Dallas, TX 75214



Bob Dobb comes to life on video in *Arise*.

BETAVILLE



Holly Adams is the babe in *BETAVILLE*.

THE HYPE

Betaville may not look it, but it is a very, very, very, low budget film. The only expenses were, for equipment (which we got practically nothing), some gels, the film itself, developing, the useless entrance fee for some festivals, and some money here and there for the crew. Richard E. Brooks, an experienced cinematographer at least twice my age, wanted to work on this for practically nothing 'cause he says, "he likes to work with young people on creative projects." (I also suspect that he likes to hang out with young women, but I never was really that interested in discussing that with him). We got the right to use "UH OH" by the Nutty Squirrels by calling up Sascha Burland (who owns the rights) and asking him if it was OK. He said it was. I sent him an agreement to sign, he signed it, sent it back. Nice guy. Rob Larrea also wrote a lot of my music for the film. My favorite is the end credit shot song "Dead Man".

Steven Olswang, the editor, is also very experienced, but worked on *Betaville* for nothing because he didn't have opportunities for work on anything creative (creative, creative, creative, I'm really starting to hate that word creative).

—*Betaville* director, Alyce Wittenstein
FT#15, Vol 1, 1988

THIS IS NOW

Man, could Alyce self-promote. Full of cheap-o futurist gags that still work, *Betaville* is one of the few highly-hyped underground spoofs that persists—though not quite as well as the Godard original, of course. Wittenstein right arm Steve O is funny as the *noir* dick and underground vet Holly Adams (of several Kern films, *Ferrum 5000* as well as others) oozes pixie charm. This is a keeper for sure and a rare light comedy amidst its grimy brethren.

—DEW

Contact c/o FTVG

A BITTER MESSAGE OF HOPELESS GRIEF

THAT WAS THEN

Jonathan Reiss focused on the development of an autonomous video division of Survival Research Laboratories, attempting to redefine each successive video by successfully producing broadcast quality programming (*The Will To Provoke* in 1988) and, ultimately, a machine "purist" scenario devoid of human presence or meaning—resulting in the machines-only short *A Bitter Message Of Hopeless Grief* (1988).

"The whole idea of *Bitter Message* was to create a world of beings within that world," says Reiss. "That those machines had a world of their own that operated on their terms instead of human terms. The film isn't just about machines destroying each other, there is an intricate set of interactions which is hard to achieve in performance but is also hard to capture shooting live performances. Part of the reason to make films is also to have something distinct from the performances."

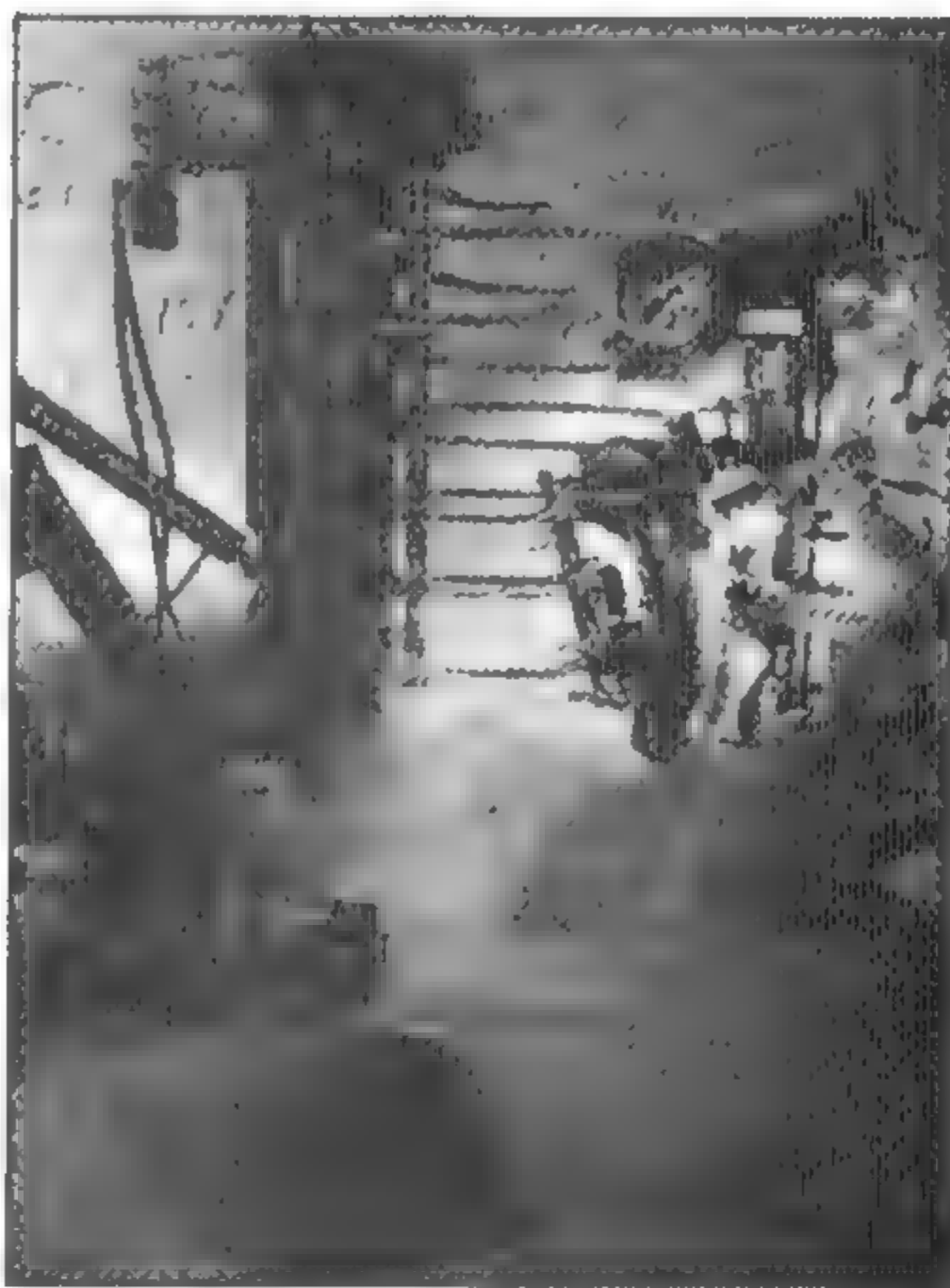
—Gary Strasburg
FT#19, Vol 1, 1988

THIS IS NOW

Bitter Message is one of the few films I can count on to confound any audience, primarily because viewers get so hung up on "what" is happening or "why" as opposed "how." Working on that entirely different, (dare I say it) "poetic" level, *Message* is easily the most often watched film in my collection. I never get tired of it, even while those around me do.

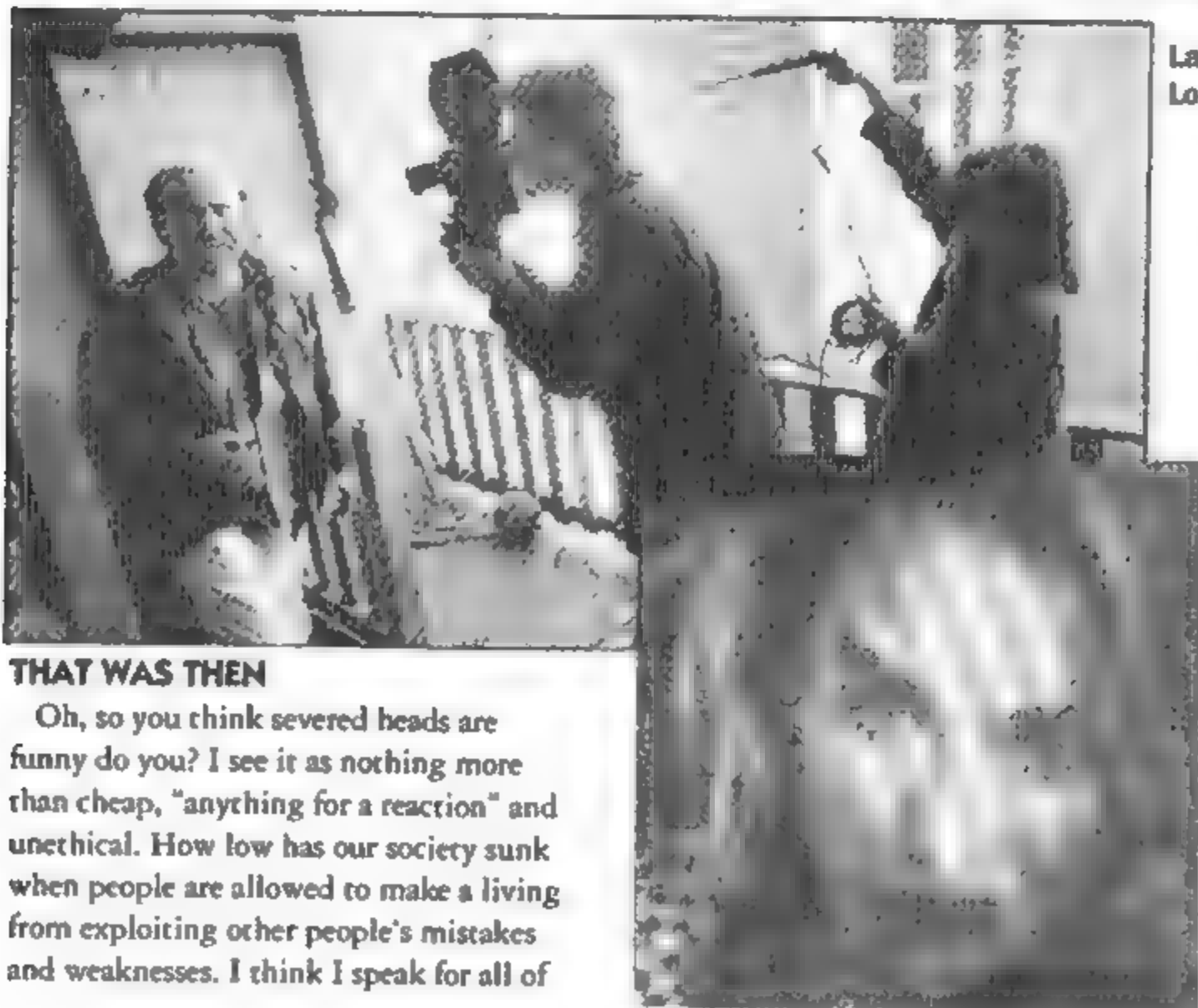
The cover story on Reiss and his work in FTVG#8 was one of the best stories we have ever done. It helps when you have good stuff to write about.

—DEW
FILM THREAT VIDEO



SRL's awesome creations inhabit BITTER MESSAGE.

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GERALDO RIVERA



THAT WAS THEN

Oh, so you think severed heads are funny do you? I see it as nothing more than cheap, "anything for a reaction" and unethical. How low has our society sunk when people are allowed to make a living from exploiting other people's mistakes and weaknesses. I think I speak for all of

Laconic Chicagolan Jim Sikora shooting LOVE, AFTER THE WALLS CLOSE IN on Super 8.

America when I call you nothing more than vile, exploitive filmmaking dogs! I was, however, entertained.

—Gerry Rivers
FT#21, Vol 1, 1989

THIS IS NOW

While most Chicagoians are way too serious for their own good, the whimsical (yet not quite wacky) Jim Sikora stands head and shoulders above (at about 6-foot-3-inches) the others. Also highly recommended is *Love After The Walls Close In*, his take on the Bukowski short—which Sikora licensed from the late poet for a 12-pack of beer.

—DEW
Peeling Eyeball, PO Box 460472,
San Francisco, Ca 94146

CONFESSIONS OF A SOUTHERN PUNK

THAT WAS THEN

Following the life of the titular rebel, *Confessions* is the tale of a happy-go-lucky, alternate lifestyle couple (well played by Barbi Van Schaik and Mike Walker) suddenly faced with the difficult emotional problem of unplanned pregnancy. While that may be nightmarish enough, our troubled pair also seem to live in the same country as Bo and Luke Duke, forcing them to battle anti-choice zealots and the stereotypical (or are they?) denizens of Hooterville USA. Though not a comedy per se, this short romp does have plenty of laughs, with most of the good ones coming from Pentes' excellent play on southern accents against punk mentalities. The music by various local bands is great, adding free wheeling fun to scenes of bitchin' Camaros horwheeling through backwater hollows, our heroes running a gauntlet of rabid anti-choice protesters and finally executing the best revenge against the overly vocal Moral Majority minority.

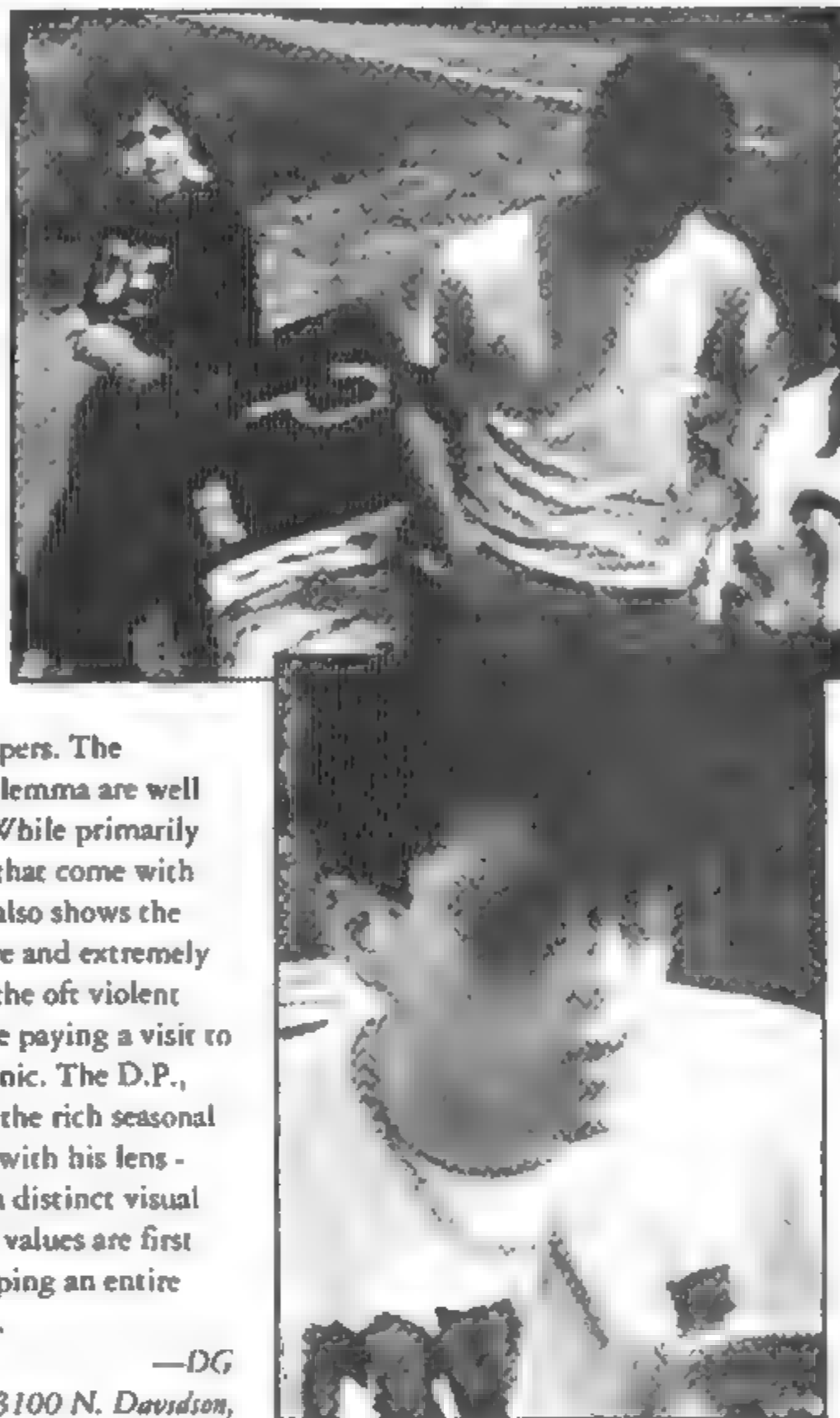
In light of the recent Operation Rescue activities in the Midwest and the continuing erosion of Roe V. Wade in the Supreme Court, this subject may not seem to be prime comedy fodder, but then again, Stanley Kubrick made us laugh about and love the bomb during the height of the Cold War.

—DEW
FT#2, Vol 2 1992

THIS IS NOW

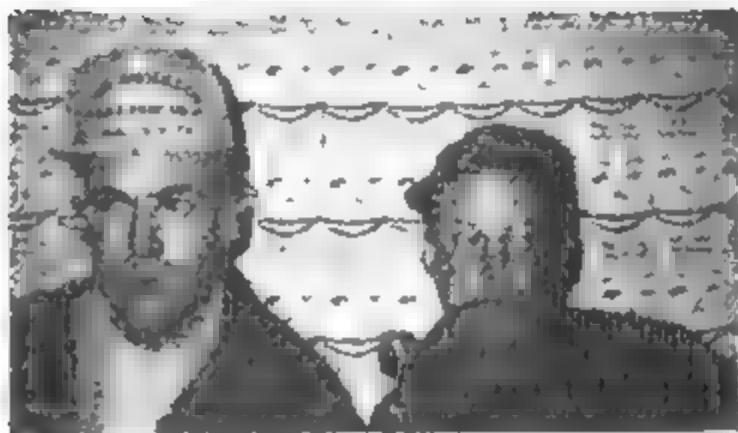
One of the primary problems associated with underground films is a complete lack of budget and thence bad actors but director Dorne Pentes assembles a terrific cast in this plot about a couple of young love punks, Bonnie and Noble, who forgot to put a rain-coat over the one-eyed-monster and thus find themselves in the unenviable position of shopping for reusable diapers. The consequences of such a dilemma are well documented by Pentes. While primarily focusing on the troubles that come with being young parents, he also shows the point of view of the future and extremely upset grandad as well as the oft violent incidents that occur while paying a visit to your friendly abortion clinic. The D.P., Mick McNeely, captures the rich seasonal colors of the countryside with his lens - helping to give the film a distinct visual identity. The production values are first rate with the film developing an entire look and style all its own.

—DG
Crescent Pictures, 3100 N. Davidson,
Charlotte, NC 28205



Barbi Van Schaik and Mike Walker star in Pentes' *CONFESSIONS*.

DON FROM LAKEWOOD



Pat Tierney and Eric Saks are fans of both phone pranks and Fisher-Price.

THAT WAS THEN

A classic. All "Don from Lakewood" wants to do is buy a sofa for \$10 over the phone. Shot with a Fisher-Price camcorder (which produces haunting black and white pixel-vision), this surreal collection of an elaborate series of phone pranks (obviously inspired by the infamous "Red" tapes) is a hoot. It's also a great "how to" tape: how to do something great for nothing. Going beyond the realm of no-budget, this effort succeeds on the strength of the original, laugh-producing situations.

—DEW
FT#22, Vol 1 1990

THIS IS NOW

Man, did my writing really suck in 1990! *Don From Lakewood* was years ahead of the phone pranks rage, including the not-funny antics of The Jerky Boys and even FT kingpin Chris Gore's ode to telephonic torture, *Red*, based on the notorious Tube Bar recordings. Still highly recommended and extremely funny.

—DEW
Contact c/o FTVG

DESPERATE TEENAGE LOVEDOLLS & LOVEDOLL SUPERSTAR



THAT WAS THEN

In an obvious parody of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, We Got Power Films brings us *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls*, the story of an all female rock band called The Lovedolls. They are willing to go to any length to make it big and escape the no-future lifestyle that they face "behind the

Hollywood curtain." On their way, the trio encounter numerous obstacles, namely parents and greedy managers, which they dispose of by means of knives and guns. These girls aren't exactly following in the refined footsteps of the Andrews Sisters. They're more like a female version of the Ramones with attitudes that resemble really bad cases of PMS. This movie was shot in Super 8 and looks uncommonly professional, even the lipsynching is on. Yet it's still raw and murky in appearance, two of its best qualities. The film runs about 55 minutes, long enough for the story, but not long enough for it to get dull. Another bonus is the soundtrack, tunes by Red Cross, Black Flag, Sin 34 and others. The acting isn't Oscar-winning, but that's part of its charm. Director David Markey credits "movies that are so bad, they're brilliant," as his

biggest influence. He has unquestionably lived up to the reputation of his early inspirations.

—Jeff Hermann
FT#18, Vol 1, 1989

THIS IS NOW

Veteran Super 8 auteur Dave Markey's 1984 classic still deserves the title ten years later. Preceding any major girrrl movement in the music industry, Markey predicts and entertains in this colorful tale about the ups and downs of a girlie rock band, The Lovedolls. Part of what makes *Dolls* a classic is its "shot in a day" style. Pure guerrilla filmmaking, shot hand-held in his trademark Super 8. The story remains delicious and still relevant even today. Markey also scored in the thesping department by getting a brilliant over the top performance out of veteran Markey-participant, Red Cross' Steve McDonald, who portrays the sleazy slime ball of an agent, Johnny Tremaine. Markey shows what entertainment can be wrought from a little camera, some talented friends and heaps of creativity.

While the sequel *Lovedoll Superstar*, boasted better production values and a more complex storyline, the original attains classic status for its sheer audaciousness.

—DG

We Got Power Films, 1223 Broadway, Box
314, Santa Monica, CA 90404

It doesn't take long for the girls in the Lovedolls to go bad. Sex, drugs and sleazy record execs take their toll in short order.

FERRUM 5000

THIS IS NOW

Only recently finished, the complete story on Steve Doughton's lushly surreal masterpiece can be found on page 60 of this issue.

—DEW

HOWEVER...

I wouldn't say I argued to omit this piece of art from the final list but I must go on the record in saying that I do not get this at all. I don't know what it's supposed to be or what it would like to be. I feel Dave Williams has smoked one too

many crack bowls and the last one was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's brain.

—DG

51 McDougal St.,
New York, NY 10012

(Ah, what does he know? You can't give up so easily!—DEW)

Multiple images abound in the surreal
FERRUM universe.



FINGERED

THAT WAS THEN

Testing the waters of narrative filmmaking, Kern teamed with Lydia Lunch to spawn *Fingered*, a road picture with the dubious honor of being one of the most amoral chain of events ever committed to celluloid. Says Kern about the picture, "I showed it in underground clubs, where audiences thought they were seeing art films. *Fingered* really had them cringing. It's kind of a test to see if people can stand it; if you can stand upright in the tornado."

More like a hurricane. But the graphic sexual violence and offensive sleaze aside, *Fingered* served as the penultimate transgressive act, a culmination of all that was (at least in Kern's eyes) at once abrasive and hilarious.

Starring Lunch, Marty Nations, Lung Leg, and Emilio Cubero, *Fingered* dives in at the deep end, hard and fast, and never comes up for air. Lunch stars as the unquenchable phone sex girl, forever thirsty for sexual adventure, provided it isn't with some dick who wants her to be his mother. She gets it on with a grungy macho gearhead (Nations) who, after offhandedly slitting someone's throat, drives her to the Snakepit, a kind of Spahn Ranch for grungy macho dudes only. After a highly charged sex scene with guns offloaded, they pick up a distressed young girl (Lung Leg) who the gearhead proceeds to attack with the aid of Ms. Lunch.

During the shooting of *Fingered*, Leg

was kept away from the set and the other actors until it was time to film her scenes. She described in one interview that she was "neatly locked away in a virtual prison cell, having a wonderful time eating globs of LSD."

The first time she met Marty was just before the final rape scene, which Lunch helped her prepare for by asking that Lung imagine how she herself felt—as a former real-life sexual victim of Marty Nations.

Nations referred to his past relationship with Lunch as a "dress rehearsal" for the film.

—Tara Hughes-Freeland and DEW
FTVG#5, 1992

THIS IS NOW

Though the jacket claims that this movie's sole intent is not to "shock, insult or irritate," it does so tremendously on every single one of these counts and more. Director Richard Kern abruptly documents the twisted and sordid love lives of his characters played all to realistically by Nations and Lunch. While some have joked that this particular little charmer should have been titled *Fisted*, Kern professionally exploits all the advantages that exist in making underground films that don't have to bow to a ratings board. This film will allow



(Top) Lung Leg grovels in gravel after going for a ride with Ms. Lunch and Mr. Nations (Below) in *FINGERED*. Misogyny or art? You make the call.

you in the privacy of your own home to scream, "Yes, give me more Lydia Lunch," without anyone realizing your dirty little desires.

—DG
FILM THREAT VIDEO

HATED: GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES

THAT WAS THEN

The most frightening (and refreshing) aspect of the documentary *Hated: GG Allin and The Murder Junkies* is that punk icon Allin isn't revealed as yet another MTV-ready poser or corporate pawn. He doesn't go home after a long night of shrieking inane lyrics, rolling around in broken glass and eating his own shit to greet a pleasant wife and watch the evening news. Nope, there's no picket fence wake-up call to Allin's phantasmagoric existence—which documentarian Todd Phillips chronicles in sickening detail. Probably the last word on the subject—until GG finally makes good

on his oft-made promise to off himself on stage—*Hated* delves deeply into the blood-stained world of a human abomination.

—DEW
FT#12, Vol. 2 1993

THIS IS NOW

I'm still trying to decipher who is more twisted and sick: GG Allin or his documentarian, Todd Phillips. While GG willingly provided the content to this classic, it was and still is Phillips sickingly wicked and warped sense of humor that makes this a must see. It is one of those

Brother Merle Allen is the lesser of two evils.

rarities in that you can view this time after time and never cease to be amazed.

—DG
FILM THREAT VIDEO



I WAS A TEENAGE SERIAL KILLER

THAT WAS THEN

I Was A Teenage Serial Killer follows the odyssey of Mary, a young lady who, furious at "the dumb stuff guys do," goes on a rampage, killing men daring to objectify or betray her.

Shot in gritty 16mm with frequent use of non-sync sound, *Teenage Serial Killer* is reminiscent of many B-movie greats—not surprising considering Jacobson's long-time affection for the highly-cool caliber of flicks. "Back in the winter of 1990 I was an intern at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and they'd show a lot of cheesy movies like *The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T*, the original *Gun Crazy*, and biker films," she says. "There's something exciting about them, a certain spontaneity. They're sort of an open arena for experimentation."

It's obvious from *Serial Killer's* opening sequence, Jacobson puts her money where her mouth is. Experimenting with the juxtaposition of images and sounds, she literally throws the viewer into the action.

—Steven Chan
FTVG#10 1994

THIS IS NOW

The opening tune to *Serial Killer* offers up a thick female voice chanting, "I could just kill a man," over a house-type beat. After this flick, I could too. Sarah Jacobson is not only funny, but willing to roll in the dirt and blood for her laughs, making this one of the best shorts I've seen. Period.

—DEW

Station Wagon Prods., PO 471807, San Francisco, CA 94147



Mary has all the luck with men—in killing them that is, in *Teenage Serial Killer*.



Big Red is more than ready for both the green flag and heinous murder.

THAT WAS THEN

Red & Rosy delivers a punch so hard you'll want to immediately rewind it to show all your friends. Shot in washed-out, documentary-style B&W, the story concerns drag racing king "Big Red" Friedman, who suffers a horrible accident. As a result of a grisly operation, Red becomes addicted to adrenaline, which leads him to the local tattoo parlor for some young victims, who are painfully

RED & ROSY

drained of this powerful hormone. The demented, drug-induced dream sequences are some of the most surreal and disturbing imagery since *Eraserhead*. The film's shock ending is the culmination of years of drag racing, substance abuse and rock 'n' roll as filmmaker Frank Grow's Survival Research Laboratories connections become apparent with the appearance of the visually stunning creatures that manifest themselves during this madness. Says Grow about working with the monsters, "We probably had 22 people on the set pulling levers, pumping blood, blowing smoke, doing all of that. It was a blast!"

—DEW
FTVG#1 1991

THIS IS NOW

Frank Grow directs this pseudo documentary about a former drag car racer who after a fatal accident becomes addicted to adrenaline. The drug replaces the rush he formerly got from racing. Grow utilizes a B&W 16mm format and combines this with file footage to tell this wacky tale. Big Red is our protagonist whose love for his girl, Rosy, is surpassed only by his twisted and sick need for adrenaline which he obtains by killing his demented fans which include small boys. Grow gets extra points for managing to fit the sacrificing of small children into his storyline.

This seminal drag racing flick probably runs a tad too long and he nearly loses his plot half way through but the subversive nature of the subject keeps you glued, demanding to know how this yarn ends.

—DG
FILM THREAT VIDEO

RINGENES HERSKERINDE (MISTRESS OF THE RINGS)

THAT WAS THEN

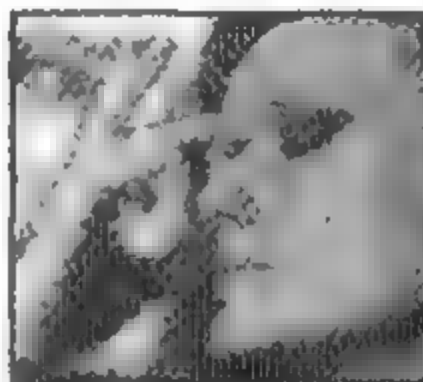
Fostered at the state-funded Danish Film Workshop in beautiful Copenhagen, Steen Shapiro's inside profile on body piercing is indeed a forward thinking use of tax dollars. Gracefully (and sometimes gruesomely) graphic in all respects, *Mistress of the Rings* humorously depicts the much maligned artform in all it's splendor. While I've never had the urge to puncture any of my own extremities, hostess/subject Mette Hintze is so seemingly smooth with a pair of forceps and a needle that I almost long for a quick (and painless) hop onto the modern primitive bandwagon. Noses, nipples and various genitalia fall prey to her deft fingers as she espouses her stainless steel loop-laden philosophies. Living in Los Angeles, most of piercing devotees I encounter are brain-dead heavy metal morons—and from what *Mistress* depicts, this is pretty much the norm in Denmark. Fortunately though, Shapiro does well by shunning the trendies and allowing a true artist to speak her mind—albeit in Danish with English subs. Highly recommended

to both the unscarred neophyte and the airport metal detector-hating veteran.

—DEW
FTVG#8, 1993

THIS IS NOW

Every "list" needs at least two foreign films and this is one of ours. From Denmark comes a very provocative and educational documentary on the subject of body piercing. While at first this doesn't sound like a valid subject that deserves the deep insight that a docu affords, director Steen Shapiro, shows off every side there is to the art of body piercing. Interviews with professional piercers and multiple piercees are conducted against a blue screen with surprisingly great results that don't hint of 80s era music videos. If you thought you



Mette is the MISTRESS.

knew every possible part of the body that can be pierced, this docu will prove very revealing and make you rethink how you treat your partner. Hmm...

—DG

Det Danske Filmværksted, Vesterbrogade 24,
DK 1620 København V DENMARK

MY SWEET SATAN

THAT WAS THEN

This gritty and horrifying short from director Jim VanBebber (creator of the also brilliant *Deadbeat At Dawn* feature and *Roadkill* short) deal with the by-now-infamous deeds of Ricky Kasso (Kasslin in the film, played by VanBebber), the Northport metalhead teen (and cartoon Satanist) who killed another kid for "Satan" and then hanged himself in prison. As a portrait of small-town ennui and codified rebellion ("Everybody's always high or workin' on gettin' high...everybody hates everybody for no reason...nobody has any ideas or ambitions...") *My Sweet Satan* paints a more convincing picture of teen frustration and spiralling psychoactive psychosis in twenty-two minutes than David St. Clair did in a couple of hundred pages in his sadly sensationalistic (and sadly written) literary account of the same case, "Say You Love Satan." VanBebber pulls no sanguinary punches, so if you're



squeamish, the murder scene will have you, well...squealing with its ultra-graphic execution. The next effort from this talented celluloid manipulator from Ohio is to be the ultimate Charlie Manson film, *Charlie's Family*, which promises to be another no-bullshit account of wacky reality. Charlie fan(atic)s should start carving "X"s into their foreheads now and prepare to be creepy-crawled.

—Graham Rat
FTVG#9 1993

Terek Puckett and VanBebber get ultraviolent in MY SWEET SATAN.

THIS IS NOW

Very eloquently literated, Graham VanBebber scores high with this adaptation of a true story. Acting and directing in this short, the talented mohawkian auteur, scares, warns and shocks in this teen-frustration flick. Safe to say that no hunk o' grunge actor could have portrayed the evil Ricky Kasso like this self taught filmmaker. If there is just one criticism, it is that VanBebber tells the story in flashback and thence gives away the ending (I know it's a true story) but the horrifically and gruesomely shot death scene is something that shouldn't be viewed alone and more than makes up for the story discrepancy. This film will teach you never to steal a little cash from a Satan worshipper and it will show you how to film a skull quashing scene. VanBebber proves, that in fact, reality is stranger than fiction

—DG

FILM THREAT VIDEO

NEKROMANTIK

THAT WAS THEN

This low-budget German horror film was produced in 1988 by a gang of crazies and sleaze hounds who work and hang out at Berlin's best underground theatre, the XENON. Known as one of Berlin's "off theatres," the XENON regularly tortures good German citizens with a brutal selection of gore, horror, sleaze and crime films... pulverizing the brains and eyeballs of the innocent and occasionally raising blood-curdling screams of protest from Germany's radical feminists and political respectables. They often show original prints of American horror films—a rarity in Germany where foreign films are usually dubbed into German—and *Nekromantik* reflects this enlightened appreciation of international depravity.

The film employs a morose and creepy electronic musical score and succeeds because it doesn't attempt to overreach its limitations: what we get is the simple, humble story of a morgue attendant who develops a carnal affection for corpses that ruins his chances for a normal life. Rather than some special effects-crammed blood-gushing gore fest, it's really a sad, perverted melancholy tale. Yet the scenes

of actual necrophilia far surpass the artistic insinuations of the recent *Love is a Dog From Hell* (1988), the only other recent Euro-necro-film that comes to mind. In *Nekromantik*, the actual sex acts veer into graphic perversion. These are the scenes that separate it from the standard attempts at shock, and send the pulse racing. The two scenes branded into my brain feature a woman screwing a corpse by resourcefully utilizing the leg of a chair for the incapable male member, and the epic closing scene of our protagonist celebrating a successful ejaculation with frenzied self-inflicted stab which result in a gushing, spewing climax that I'm sure your own imagination is capable of envisioning without the further intrusion of my words. (Pause...)

In short, *Nekromantik* pulses with the true spirit of its own depraved subject matter and succeeds more hilariously and appallingly than the massive big-budget films that always seem to lack guts. And unlike a lot of gore films of recent vintage, this is not a parody.

—Jack Stevenson
FT#19, Vol 1, 1989



She's gotta have it in NEKROMANTIK.

THIS IS NOW

It was soon after Stevenson's review was written that I first saw *Nekromantik* and it became a life-changing experience. Friends began to shun me, worried about my "prurient" interests. My parents considered family counseling. My girlfriend started wearing clothes to bed. For my troubles, I blame not filmmaker Jorg Buttgerieit (he can't help his dementia), but Jack Stevenson, Chas. Balun and those like them who brought this film out of Germany and into our malignant hearts

—DEW
FILM THREAT VIDEO

POLICE STATE



THE HYPE

Nick Zedd: the name itself conjures up many things to many people...scum sucker, puke brain, and penis head are words that immediately come to mind; maverick iconoclast and revolutionary immoralist; inventor of the Cinema of Transgression; a dangerous and subversive martyr to truth, who apparently has dedicated his entire life to the overthrow of all conventional values no matter how well loved; an obvious mass of contradictions. Just who was this man?

Disguised as a black comedy, *Police State* was said to have exposed in all its ugliness the callousness and corruption of the criminal justice system and the impact of that system on those who don't conform to the approved cultural stereotype. By making a black comedy about police brutality, Zedd was rumored to have accomplished an act of revenge against NY's finest, a direct result of all the times they had abused their power in dealing with his "unwanted presence" on the streets of Manhattan.

Police State satirizes what could happen in the wake of Operation Pressure Point, a failed invasion of the Lower East Side by an occupation army of cops sent in by NYC's corrupt mayor in order to appease the real estate developers who financed his election by clearing out the drug dealers who scared away many of the boring middle-class suburbanites who would otherwise have moved in, paying much higher rents and shoving out the poor Hispanic and marginal types to whom the industry of

illegal substances is a primary source of income in the face of massive unemployment.

Police State poses the question: Are the police really "public servants" or are they actually "public masters" when confronted with resistance to their abuse? Is someone automatically a criminal if a cop arrests him? Or are cops just criminals that wear uniforms? And finally, is anarchism a game at which the police can beat you?

—Jennifer Brewster (aka Nick Zedd?)
FT#15, Vol 1, 1988

THIS IS NOW

If you have to see one Nick Zedd film, this is it. Not only does *Police State* live up to Zedd's shameless self-promotion, but it surpasses it. The simplicity of its opening shot, as the title is spray-painted onto the back of a police car, is as close to genius as I have seen in any film.

—DFW
FILM THREAT VIDEO



SMALL WHITE HOUSE

THAT WAS THEN

What do Tijuana, John Wayne Gacy and corprophelia have to do with the assassinations of J.F.K. and Marilyn Monroe? Well, if you happen to be writer/director Richard Newton, everything—thusly making his feature, *small white house*, a welcomed psychedelic antidote to Oliver Stone's semi-factual Camelot obsessions.

Working with a pallet of brilliant colors and unusual textures, Newton delves deeply into the absurdly surreal with a "Jack + Jackie + Marilyn = Murder equation" that, though leaving several variables unsolved, boasts the by far funniest Zapruder film reinterpretation this side of the Warren Commission. The film begins with the arrival of beautiful and experimental Jackie and her skateboard toting beau, Johnny, in the decadent boarder town famous for its fabled equestrian performance art. Quickly falling prey to the seductive ploys of a street hustler named Plato, whose voyeuristic tendencies lead them further and further through sexual experimentation, the pair engage in various acts of loosely defined eroticism,

each of which culminating in director Newton's slowmo replay of an assassin's bullet striking Johnny. *Back and the left, back and to the left, BACK AND TO THE LEFT* his head snaps as Jackie scrambles after a baseball cap sliding off the tail end of their open-topped limo. The image is chilling, even in parody.

Fiction strays further from fact when Jackie becomes infatuated with Mary Lynne a lithe, goddess-like blonde with a quickly lost schoolgirl shyness. The three soon engage in matrimony—at Jackie's insistence—with Mary's subsequent role confusion leading to an OD via a cereal bowl of pharmaceuticals.

In a film rife with goopy food textures, it's not surprising to see that gelatin capsules don't stay crunchy in milk. Although almost completely devoid of the standard bump and grind that seeming stands as the sole incarnation of Hollywood sex, *small white house* features the lingering odor of a kinkiness that's probably far more normal than most people would admit outside their



bedrooms. Let's just say the term "bodily fluid" takes on different definitions.

—DEW

FT# 6 Vol. 2, 1992

THIS IS NOW

Since Dave did such a stellar job in trying to figure out the plot of this absurd story, I won't bother, but there's more than mere plot (or lack thereof) at work on this feature length from Richard Newton. Every possible Jackie O, JFK and Marilyn, reference is included. Some obvious and some not so. Viewing the flick becomes a game of "spot the ode."

While it may appear that *small white house* is merely a collage of scenes that completely lacks cohesion, you find yourself addicted to the every scene to see what Newton has up his sleeve. This desire to keep watching wouldn't have been as great were it not for Director Of Photography, Sven Kirsten's beautiful camera work. He treats each scene with the grace and care as if it were his last. No scene or image is tossed in, it is ornately prepared and it shows a future great DP at work. He captures subtle colors and images that makes you wanna watch forever despite the films abstract storyline. Oliver Stone would be proud not only because of the obscure JFK nods but also the outrageously tight lenswork.

—DG

Traction Avenue Films
444 N. Martel Ave.
Los Angeles, Ca 90036



Mary Lynn and Jackie are the vixens who finally get to Johnny in Richard Newton's amazing *SMALL WHITE HOUSE*.

TRIBULATION 99: ALIEN ANOMALIES UNDER AMERICA

THAT WAS THEN

San Francisco-based filmmaker Craig Baldwin has wisely, and very shrewdly, spiked his leftist leaning and agit-prop ideals with absurd fun in his latest film,, *Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America*. A rapid-fire collage of images lifted from B-movies, military training films, speculative documentaries, and TV news footage, the film is broken down into 99 breathy narrative rants that explain not only the history of the world as we've been duped into believing it, but the history that's been concealed: covered-up extraterrestrial encounters, covert CIA operations, and big-business manipulations of small Central American governments. Yes, it's a history for those who believe JFK must have been assassinated by an ET-controlled android "as no lone human being could have possibly hit a distant moving target two times within 1.8 seconds."

Baldwin's cut 'n' paste approach to filmmaking makes explicit that *Trib 99* is as much a reaction to popular cinema as it is to his own outrage over the history of US imperialism in the Western Hemisphere, but for all his serious intent, he knows how to tell a good joke. And while not everyone will laugh about the war in El Salvador or the destruction of the Brazilian rain forests—though some of us will—*Tribulation 99* is the rare film that is able to work on both levels.

—DEW
FT#4, Vol 2, 1992

SECOND OPINION

This is one of the greatest films to make use of found footage and a must see! Somehow every conspiracy theory and paranormal myth imaginable ties together: Easter Island, the JFK assassination, the CIA, UFOs, the Bermuda Triangle, the Sandanistas, etc. as director and narrator



What does it all mean? Who knows. In the rapid fire mind of filmmaker Craig Baldwin, things are just a little different than they seem to the rest of us. (Left) From a bizarre Mexican invisible man flick and (Below) a Japanese space actioner.



thousands of years ago, or recreated life-after-death experiences with plenty of brightly glowing lights.

I find myself watching *Trib 99* over and over trying to seek new meaning in Baldwin's haunting and disturbing narration, but sometimes I just leave it on while I read a magazine and listen to the stereo (simultaneously, of course). If a friend comes over while I'm watching this mind-numbing video and asks about it, I

Craig Baldwin mixes real news footage with 50s B-sci-fi movies and documentary clips to create a story that, at times, actually makes sense.

Here's the story: 1,000 years ago an alien race called the Quetzals came to earth after their planet blew up, inhabiting the hollow center until fallout from U.S. A-bomb tests mutated their genitals to the point that they were forced to mate with snakes in order to perpetuate themselves. Understand? You never will.

The film brings back my fond affection for those Sun Classic pictures that came to town for a week when I was a kid—you know, the ones that always explored the evidence proving aliens visited the earth

explain, "This film has the answer to everything!" Even mainstream movie rag *Premiere* gave the film a high recommendation. The whole point of purchasing a video should be that you will watch it over and over again and want to show your friends—*Tribulation 99* is that kind of video!

—Chris Gore
FTVG#4, 1992

THIRD OPINION

Obviously, you do realize both Williams and Gore are consuming way too much crack for their own good.

—DG
FILM THREAT VIDEO



What do masked
Mexican wrestlers
and JFK have in
common?
TRIBULATION 99:
ALIEN ANOMALIES
UNDER AMERICA!

SIMONLAND



Tommy Turner, maker of the unsung *SIMONLAND*.

THAT WAS NEVER THEN

Of the many films that slipped through the cracks during the early days of *FILM THREAT*, Tommy Turner's *Simonland* is one of the best. Nope, we never covered it, but I wish we had.

—DEW

THIS IS NOW

While the original *Ghostbusters* film was less than inspiring, it contained a quote which perfectly suits the director of *Simonland*, Tommy Turner: "He's either a complete moron or a complete genius."

Turner makes more of a statement in his classic 5 minute, grainy-but-color Super 8 film than most dream of. What enhances the stature of this piece is its simplicity. Lensed by indie God, Richard Kern, *Simonland* portrays a faux TV preacher playing a game of Simon Says. After many inane instructions he orders his flock to put a gun to their head and pull the trigger, which they do. The preacher then notes that he was only joking.

Considering the influence that today's media now wields, this is a superb commentary on how we, the people, have let everything get out of control.

—DG

Contact c/o FTVG

TWISTED ISSUES

THAT WAS THEN

A video feature film about skate punks in Gainesville, Florida? I must say I wasn't excited, but this thing is incredible. There are the annoyances of poor quality and acting, but then that's part of the film's quality. The opening shot is a news report on South African mine workers and a punk getting up and opening a beer. In a fantasy sequence, a guy kills his girlfriend with gardening shears. More news reports. A non-violent skate punk is killed hit and run style by some belligerent hicks. He is brought back to life by a mad scientist. After the skatepunk awakes, he kills the scientist, drills his skateboard impaling it into his foot, dons a fencing mask (ala Jason, *Friday 13th*) and goes on a killing rampage. The gore is cheap but good. A real crowd pleaser and it'll make some squeamish folks leave the room, I know I did. Charles Pinion, the film creator has this to say: "There seems to be a kind of snobbery towards video, which I confess I had too. I certainly prefer the look of film. But in Gainesville, Florida, at least, it wasn't possible. Even the cost of super 8 would have been prohibitive. I'm actually

pleased with the way the film looks. It's a narrative and I call it a *film*—as to describe *Twisted Issues* as a "video" implies something horrible to me. The movie is schizophrenic and sentimental—a documentary of a town/scene I was leaving, plus an attempt at a movie."

I'd like to see what this guy could do with a budget. Maybe the world is safer so long as Charles doesn't have one.

—CG

FT#16, Vol 1, 1988

THIS IS NOW

Only a handful of filmmakers have been able to use video for anything other than boring, meandering pointlessness. Charles Pinion is one of those people. Instead of trying to hide *Twisted Issues'* cathode ray tube roots, he revels in them, flaring lights, overloading signal ratios and warping images. Forget trying to make it look like "film" and make it look interesting, dammit.

—DEW

Inferential Pictures, Po Box 40285, San Francisco, Ca 94110



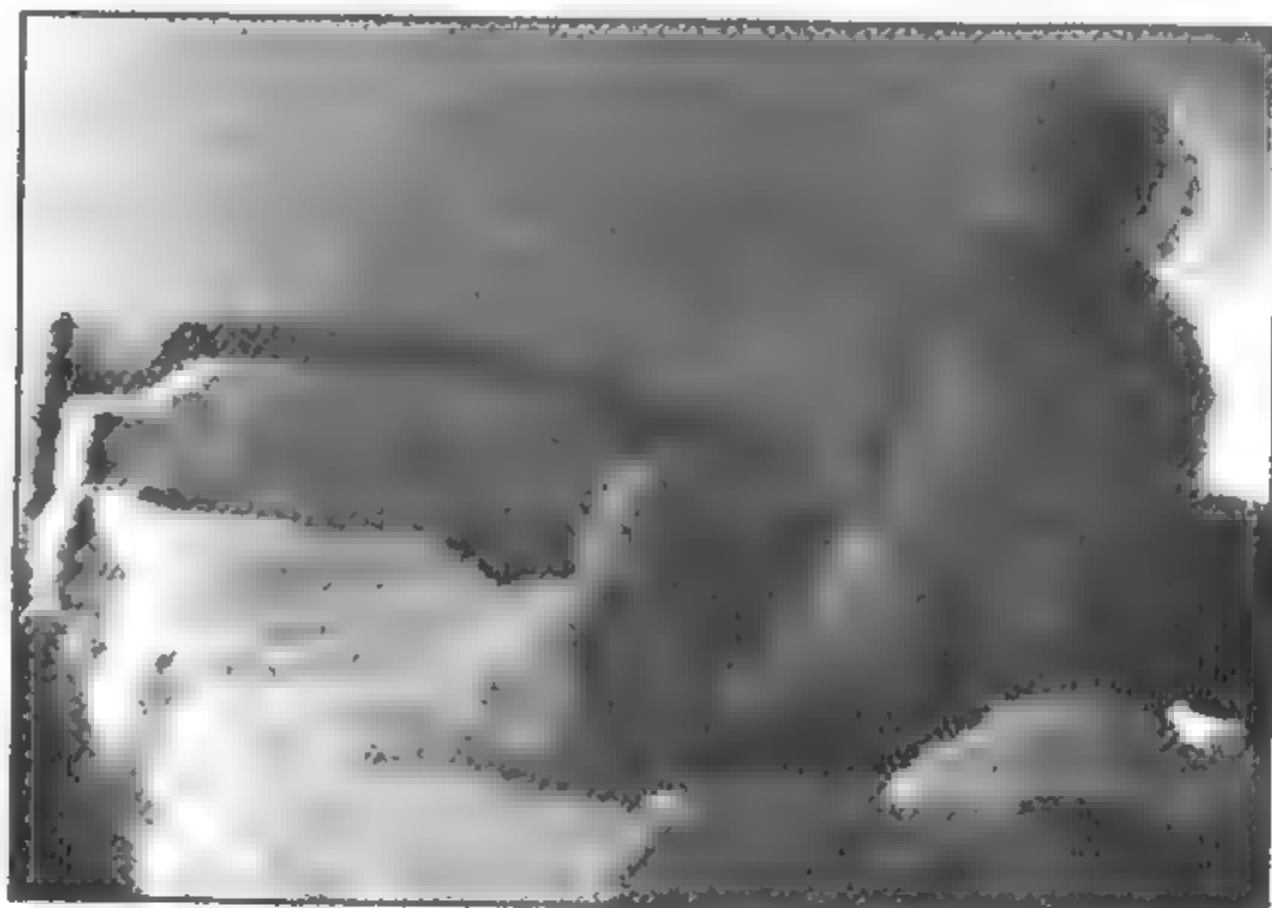
(Above) Charles Pinion digs the Gainesville scene in *TWISTED ISSUES*.

No, we don't know where to find them either, but persistent asking on your part may someday reward you with the following titles.

THE ROB LOWE VIDEO

Is it worth the hype? Not really, but if you haven't seen it, (do you live under a rock?) it can be seen in its entirety, without commercial interruption and without those cheesy computer bars over Rob's behind. There's scenes with two girls and lots of spanking and slapping. The quality is beyond bad but Lowe proves he is better in front of the camera than behind it.

—CG
FT#20, Vol 1, 1989



Rob just keeps going and going and going...making his suddenly PD video kind of a bore—but worth more than a few laughs.



"Saigon...shit, I'm still only in Saigon."
—Winnie is waiting for a mission,
but will he find Kurtz?

APOCALYPSE POOH

One of the most cleverly constructed films to have slipped into our offices, Toronto filmmaker Todd Graham's *Apocalypse Pooh* seamlessly melds the popular kid's cuddly bear cartoon with the narrative of Coppola's 1979 psychedelic war epic. The result is brilliant—and findable. For sheer laughs, there is nothing better

than watching Pooh sleepily roll out of bed and utter, "Saigon...shit."

—DEW
FTW1, Vol 2, 1991





Filmmaker Todd Haynes gets about as close to Karen as humanly possible.

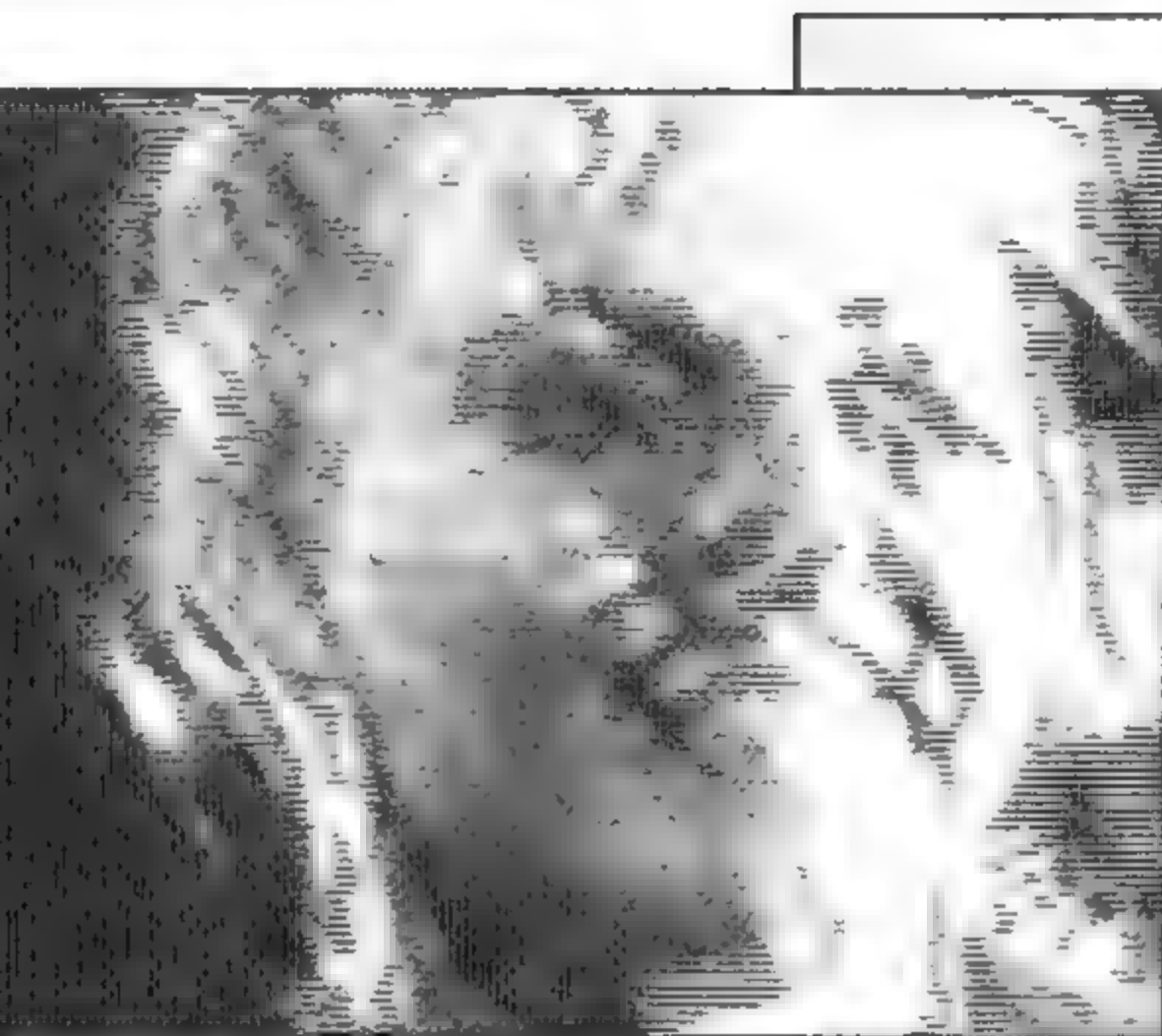
SUPERSTAR: THE KAREN CARPENTER STORY

My reawakened interest in the Carpenters' music began after I sat through a slew of bad films at the New York Film Festival Downtown. The evening seemed like it was going to be representative of the bleak state of underground filmmaking in New York. The last movie to be shown however, was Todd Haynes' *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story*, a 16 mm, 43 minute

film made in 1987 that has been receiving critical acclaim for over a year now. Along with the strong recommendations to see the film that came from friends, I was usually given a brief description: "It's made with Barbie Dolls." Like most American women, I was no stranger to the Barbie netherworld, and like most women, (but unlike many men), I had been forced to reconcile myself with the fact that I

would never be built like a Barbie. I was interested to see what director Haynes would do with the issue of anorexia, the disease that eventually led to Karen Carpenters' demise and wondered if the use of Barbie dolls would be purely comic.

— Sheryl Farber
FT#20, Vol 1, 1989



GO-GO'S VIDEO

It was the fall of 1981. The Go-Go's were touring to support their I.R.S. debut album *Beauty and the Beat*. After a long show, hopping around on stage and cranking out your set to a bunch of pimple-faced pubescents in an anonymous town lost somewhere in the hinterlands of



Belinda: Before and After. Oh to be young, dumb, full of some kind of mind-altering substance and babbling on and on about the positive aspects of drug abuse. What fame does to people.

these United States, wouldn't you want to relax and wind down? I mean, like, being bubbly and effervescent can really wipe a gal out. So it's no wonder that on the fateful night that this videotape was recorded a couple of the girls found themselves in the bathroom of a Holiday

Inn mumbling pseudo-philosophical ramblings into a video camera and engaging in activities so cruel and perverse, they would put even Rob Lowe to shame.

—TL
FT #22, Vol 1, 1990

SHERIFF CORKY

While there's nothing wrong with renting a camcorder so you can tape a weekend of wild sex with your wife, just be sure not to leave the tape in it when you return the thing come Monday! (Somebody *might* copy it and give it to everybody for miles around.) Poor guy, living in a small town is already hell.

—DEW

Obviously these are not all of the films worth seeing that have darkened our doorway over the years, and some might argue that these are not even the "best." But remember, we really don't give a rats ass what you think the "best" is 'cause it's **OUR** magazine. However, the films that we did choose

to bestow our honor upon represent a vast cross section of strangely financed, creative and oft twisted talent that is at large, at least for the present. We feel that every single celluloid experience highlighted here will provide mounds of joy, if you opt to pursue them.

THE DOCTOR IS IN!

HUNTER S. THOMPSON

THE CRAZY NEVER DIE

Here it is! Exclusive and super rare footage of the world's most crazed and controversial Gonzo journalist! See the Doctor in action as never before:

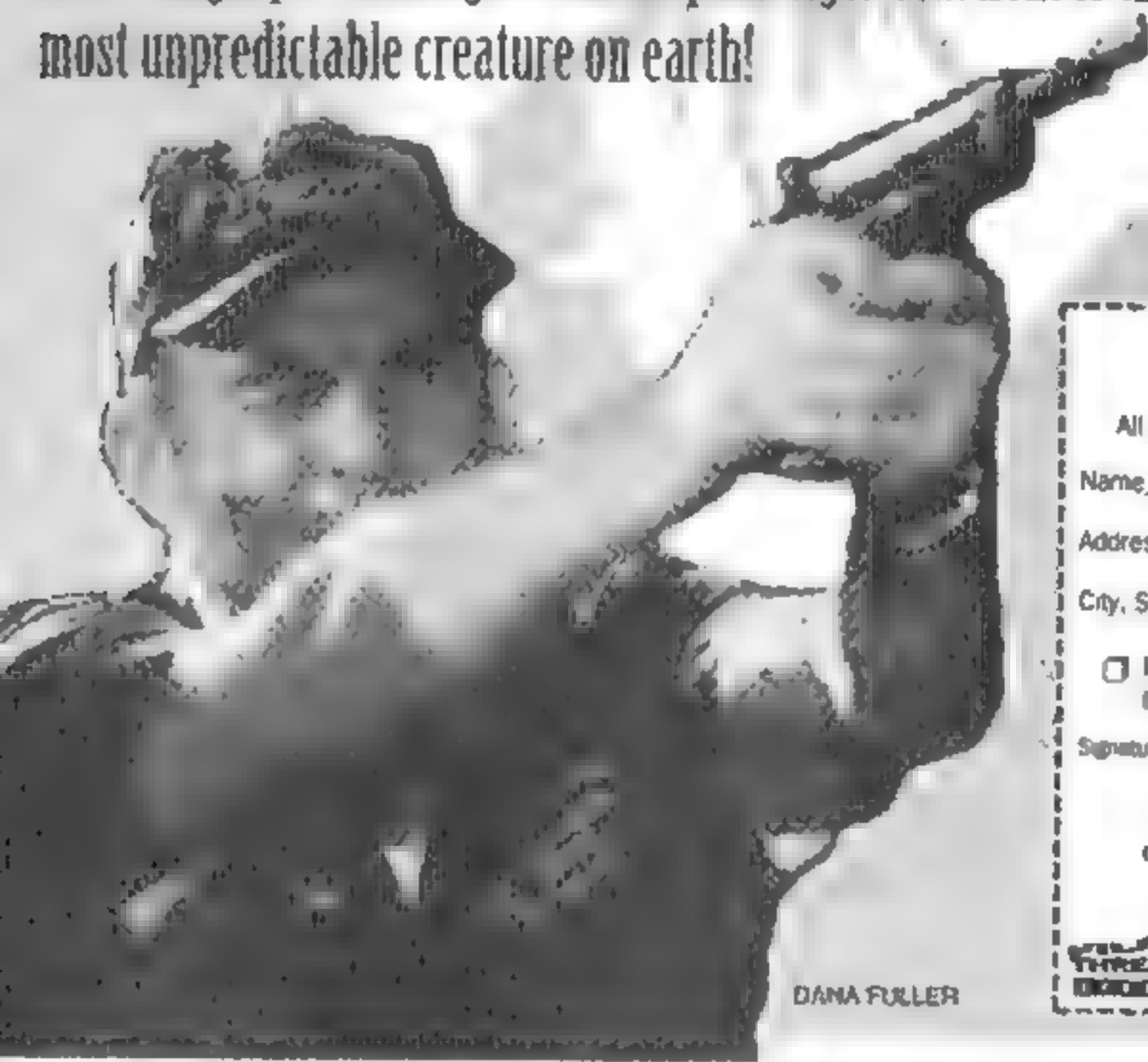
Drinking!

Writing!

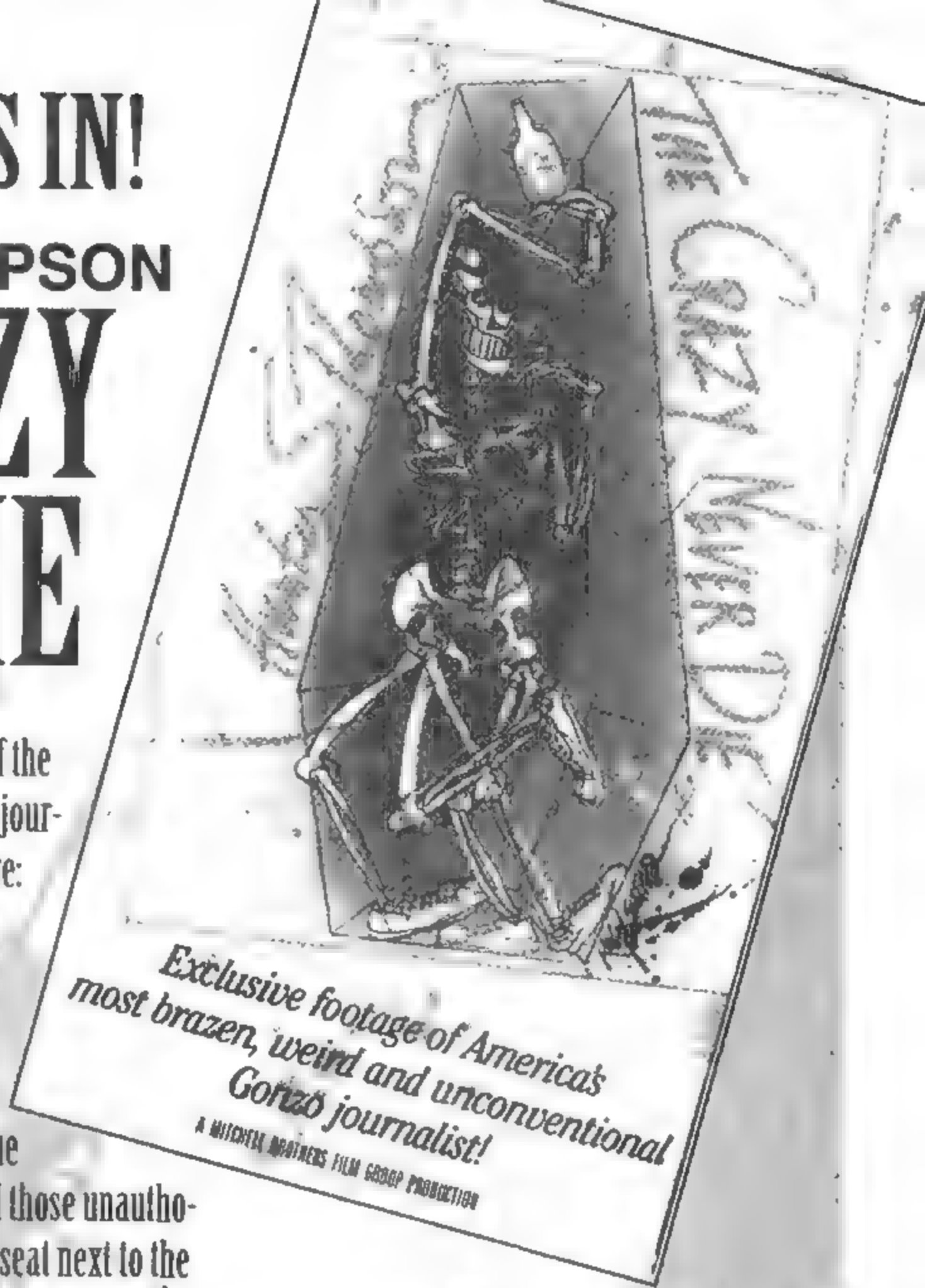
Ranting!

Golfing!

This no holds barred documentary is what true fans have been waiting for, so stop reading all those unauthorized biographies and get into the passenger seat next to the most unpredictable creature on earth!



DANA FULLER



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TRANGRESSIVE EXPERIENCE

THERE ARE SO MANY WAYS one can purchase the proverbial farm nowadays—from mailing a letter on the wrong day, to catching the dreaded viral death spore from a fling, to becoming the hapless but meticulously-selected victim of a serial killer.

In Michael DiPaolo's latest feature *Transgression*, television reporter Mary Selby finds the killer of some local prostitutes and attempts to get inside his head. The only problem is, once she's in, she can't get out.

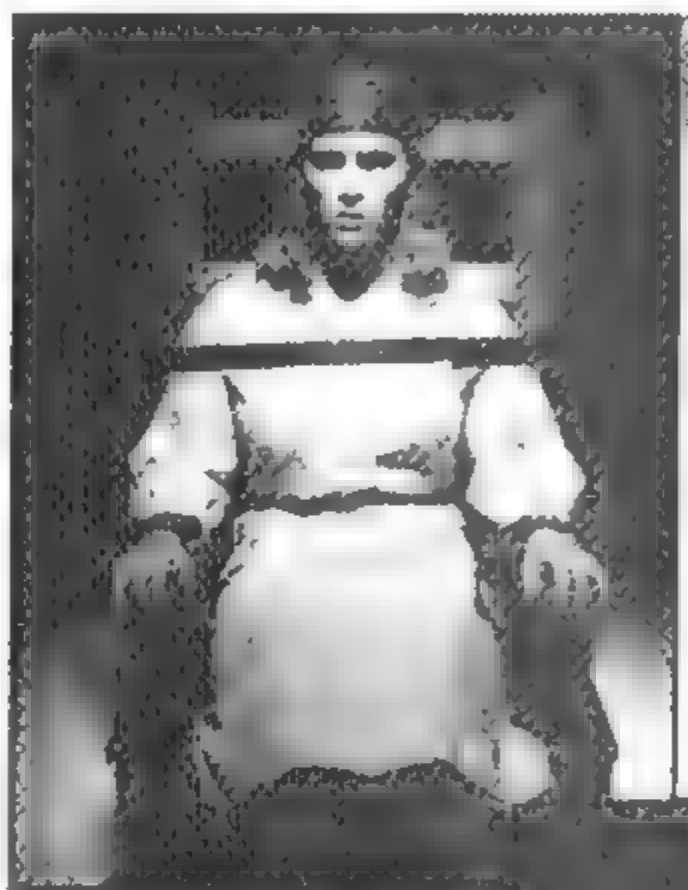
A potentially hack premise? In the hands of an amateur, yes, but this is Michael DiPaolo we're talkin' about here. Who the hell is Michael DiPaolo? I'll tell you.

Over the last nine years, writer/director DiPaolo has videotaped more than 1500 confessions under the employment of the Brooklyn District Attorney's Office, and *Transgression* is a fictionalized adaptation of some of those confessionals. Such experience is more than enough by any standard to qualify him as an authority on psychopaths and other mental defectives.

Transgression is his first feature-length production. DiPaolo has been producing gritty reality-based video programs for some time, as well. His first, *Brutal Ardor* (1986), tells the story of a battered wife who, after countless years of abuse, dispatches the piece of crap who has degraded her for so long. *Bought and Sold* (1988), follows a sexually—tormented runaway to her death in the festering megalopolis of New York City. *Requiem for A Whore* (1989) recounts the last day in the life of a seemingly ordinary streetwalker. So you see, he's got experience, and he's got experience.

The film traces Mary Selby's descent into madness and her road to redemption (which ends with her eventual execution). While pursuing the story, she is kidnapped by the killer and cruelly mind-fucked into a similar state of derangement by him (Parry Hearst Syndrome).

The cast of *Transgression* is so natural that one might think that the film was a hidden-camera documentary. Julio Rodriguez as Mary's boyfriend, Detective Ron Reyes, delivers



Crime doesn't pay in *TRANGRESSION*.

an exceptionally strong performance (his death scene was especially harrowing). Molly Jackson's Mary is as eerie and likable as any Dr. Lecter making me think that if I had to die by the hand of another, I'd like it be at the hands of a woman like her because at least I'd have a chance of getting laid before getting laid-out. But I digress...

DiPaolo's skill as a storyteller is as keen as his skill as a filmmaker. *Transgression* was shot in twelve days and was only six months from conception to completion. Also for a 16mm production (and a debut 16mm production at that) it looks



DiPaolo lingers in the shadows on set.

surprisingly professional. Don't be surprised if you find this little gem gracing the shelves of your local viddy oasis (request it if it's not). If crap like *Sorority House Massacre II* and *Ghoules IV* can get made and distributed, anything can (I have treatments for *Hello Larry! The Movie* and *Herbie Goes To Auschwitz*, if anyone's interested).

DiPaolo's candidates for future productions include *children of rage* (a punk *Romeo and Juliet*), *Reality Is My Nightmare* (a story of a man who directs fashion videos by day and videotapes confessions at night...hmm) and *Circle of Blood*, a sort of modern-day rape and—revenge tale in the vein of *Ms. 45* and *I Spit On Your Grave*. Whatever the project it almost surely won't suck. I'm looking forward to it.

—Spiney Norman

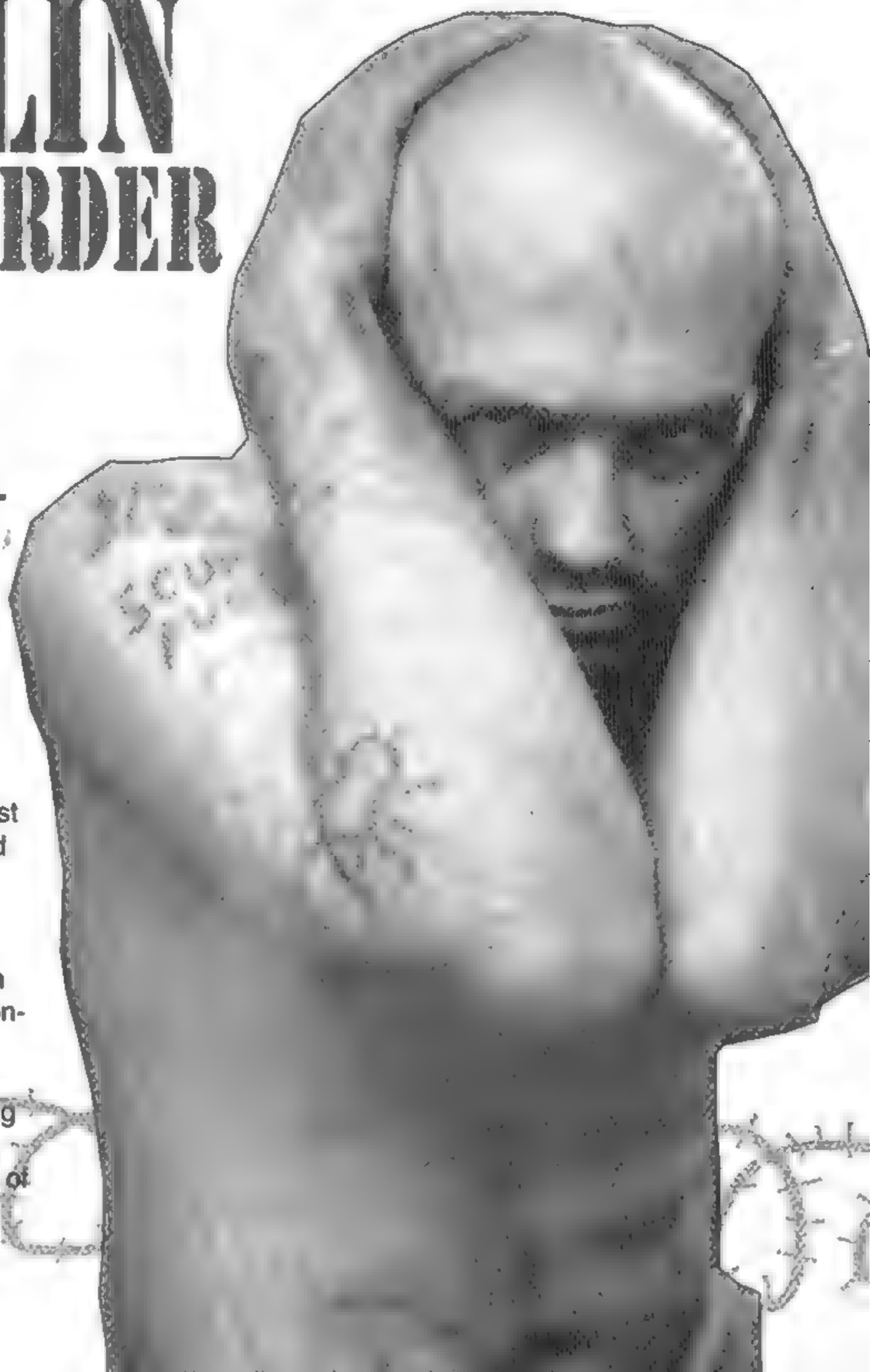
HATED


GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES

*"We're trying to
cause as much trouble
around the
country as possible
and then get out of
town."*

—GG Allin

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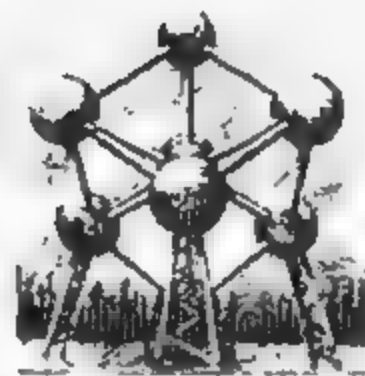
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V I D E O

METAL



MADNESS

by David E. Williams

What do bubbling mud, silvery goddesses, Busby Berkeley musical numbers and bulbous-headed aliens have in common? They inhabit the crossed-neuron memory banks of filmmaker Steve Doughton and materialize in his humorously oddball pastiche Ferrum 5000.



STEVE DOUGHTON IS by nature an introvert. Born and raised in the Portland, Oregon, rain belt, the thirty-three year old filmmaker spent his youth quietly drawing, painting and building models—specifically the Aurora monster kits and various weirdo hot rods.

"There's a Robert Williams painting of a kid building a Luftwaffe airplane with two tubes of Testor's glue shoved up his nose—yeah, that was kinda me," Doughton reminisces, his memory still sharp despite all those hours of exposure to the head-tripping vapors of polystyrene-melting adhesives. But if one were looking for some obvious explanation to his film *Ferrum 5000*, perhaps the most passively psychoactive short since Craig Baldwin's *Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America*, the stern words of warning "use only in a well-ventilated area" might serve as some cryptic clue.

A variation on the periodic table term for the mineral iron, "ferrum" permeates this investigation into organic rituals and deeply-hued dancing girls, as *Ferrum 5000* begins



like some autistic PBS National Parks special—with lingering shots of pulsating mud pots and steaming sulphur pools forming the vision of an evolving new volcanic world. Behind the scenes, a clutch of heavily-lobed superior beings inject their will, in the form of a gleaming nine point atomic structure, into the boiling mix. It transforms to be personified by a metallic Goddess rising from a central pool, born amongst a bevy of silver-sheathed admirers. They dance in art deco celebration to the reedy strains of a pumping Glenn Miller-like score, replicating the patterns of molecular structures as the aliens watch in amazement.

From their expressions, they didn't seem as shocked as I was by this all—nor were they laughing. But I was, as *Ferrum 5000* is probably the most seductively pleasant dive into deep weirdosity I've yet encountered. And though I can imagine his neighbors and friends describing Doughton as "quiet and polite," as they might a methodical psychopath, his brain is benevolently aflame with a melange of images culled from years of pop culture gluttony. And in *Ferrum 5000* they find their bulimic escape.

"It sounds corny, but the film is really a collection of images that have, for one reason or another, have struck me all my life. Some of my earlier memories are episodes of *Star Trek*, seeing musicals on TV when I was a kid, seeing a Disney special about and then visiting Yellowstone Park—so *Ferrum 5000* is really a collection of samples of my memory. The aliens, they're right out of *Star Trek* episode "The Cage," which is a very early memory for me. When I was six years old and I saw those butt-headed aliens with the pulsating veins—I did *not* understand it. That burned into my brain and really altered how I saw things. When I was five I remember watching an early Bugs Bunny cartoon and thinking, 'Hey, are these people in *costumes*?' My head just couldn't accept it—and it was another five

Doughton gets tough with his dancers—helped by choreographer Holly Adams (with megaphone)

years before anyone explained to me how animation was done."

But for all this love of past imagery, *Ferrum 5000* is completely original, using not a foot of archival or "found" footage. "The Goddess rising from the pool is a lift from *Apocalypse Now* and her being metallic, that's *Goldfinger*. But we recreated and reconfigured it into my own thing, a personal myth," explains Doughton. "I don't like talking about it in these terms, it sounds pretentious, but the film is about the ritual of making a pilgrimage to a natural deity—like Old Faithful—and representing nature as a form of entertainment. Yellowstone was

the first National Park, a place where we go to visit. So the film works that way too. It's about cycles and structures found in nature and how they relate."

But does Doughton care if his audience gets the film at this sub-atomic level.

"No. Actually it's pretty boring to even talk about this way, Doughton candidly admits. "It's a lot more fun just to watch it. To be honest that's just



Ferrum 5000 begins like some autistic PBS National Parks special—with lingering shots of pulsating mud pots and steaming sulphur pools forming the vision of an evolving new volcanic world



The silver-sheathed Ferrum babes: some were legit dancers, others were strippers. In fact, a lot of them were strippers. (R) Kembra Pfahler is the Goddess.

where it came from, but this is not a heavy film, I'm not like that. It's an art film that entertains, but there's also nothing there that's truly gratuitous. The pop imagery is like a modern mythology, there's an elf in there to represent the sort of traditional European druid

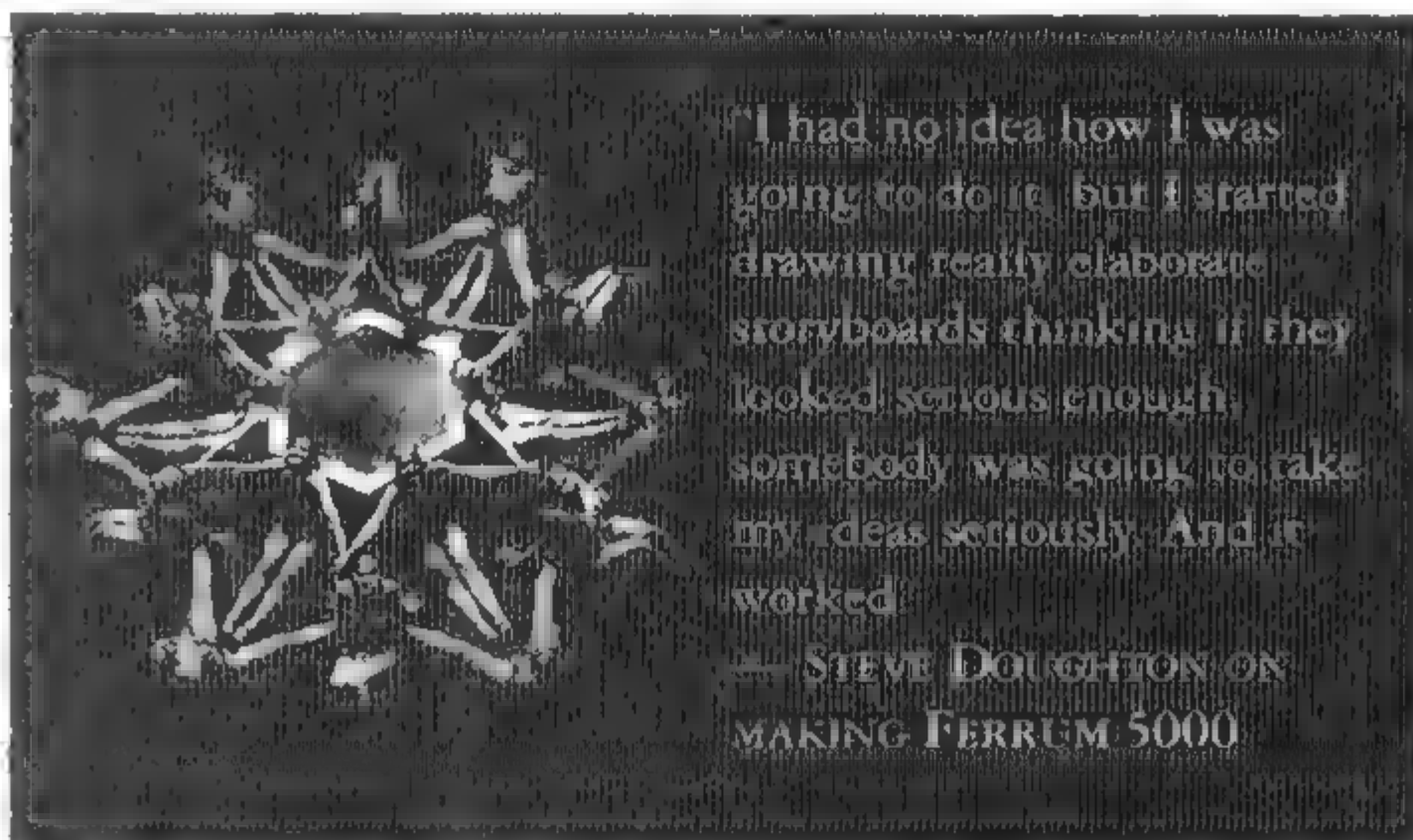
culture. It all does mean something, but to talk about it sounds shallow. I'm not sure what Kubrick was getting at in *2001*, but he was getting at something, something you can only get at in a movie, and that is the sort of experience I'm trying for."

This great *Ferrum 5000* purge was set in motion when Doughton's parents

gave their son a Super 8 movie camera at the age of eight—leading him to pursue his artistic tendencies. "We won't go into all the shit they pulled on

me," Steve jokes, "but they thought of me as a troubled kid and anything I did that wasn't destructive should be

encouraged." But it was during a road trip through the Arizona desert that Doughton's vision crystallized. "I was driving along and the idea for the whole piece came to me in the span of about five minutes. All these images just clicked at once. I had no idea how I was going to do it, but I



"I had no idea how I was going to do it, but I started drawing really elaborate storyboards thinking if they looked serious enough, somebody was going to take my ideas seriously. And it worked."

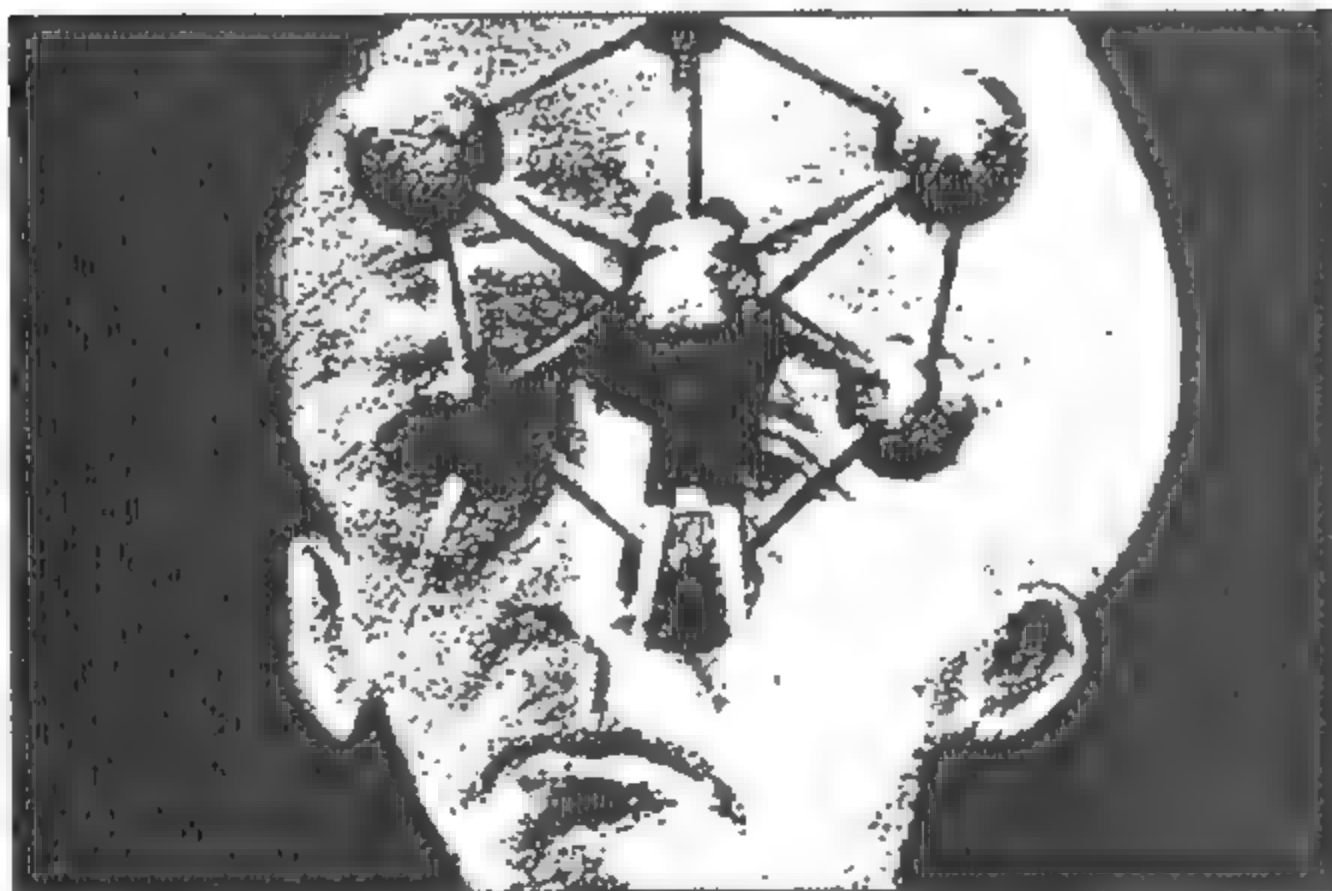
— STEVE DOUGHTON ON MAKING *FERRUM 5000*

started drawing really elaborate storyboards thinking if they looked serious enough, somebody was going to take my ideas seriously. And it worked."

A series of key pieces of the *Ferrum* puzzle, including producer Jody Solomon, the casting of Kembra Pfahler as the Goddess and the addition of choreographer Holly Adams, fell into place over time as Doughton continued to sort through and begin to collect his images. "By the time I approached Jody, I had the complete boards, some footage and Holly, who knew how to do this Busby Berkeley stuff, but that was where the hard part began," he says.

Getting the production organized, with elaborate costumes, makes-up and choreography, became a logistical nightmare as rental studios cancelled shoots at the last minute. "It was probably a blessing in disguise. We came up with a better lighting scheme than I had and gave us more time to come up with the dancing sequences—you can never be prepared enough for that stuff."

"Holly really knew what she was doing, she got together a lot of dancers—some strippers, a lot of them were strippers—and there was a lot of competition between them as to who was the best and who would get more camera time. Some of them were pretty



(Top) Doughton's original storyboard for Big 'Ol Brains. The first generation *Star Trek* episode "The Cage" inspired Doughton's butt-headed aliens. First seen when he was a child, the Talosians left a lasting impression in his TV addled mind. Complete with throbbing veins and greyish skin, they embody *Ferrum*'s borrowed-image master plan. (R) The retro-cool chic of *Ferrum 5000* was as much designed by the sci-fi thematics as Doughton's lack of budget. Buck Rogers meets Busby Berkeley.



catty. When Kembra arrived in the middle of the day, her hair was like a total rat's nest and the other dancers were saying "That's the Goddess?!" Two hours later she came out of make-up and she was radiant—things changed. So it was difficult at times, but I picked up on it and we all finally got along."

So when did Doughton realize filmmaking could become a full-time venture he could possibly make some money doing?

"I didn't," he laughs. "But I realized while we were working on *Ferrum 5000* that I have no problem obtaining a certain look I want. While we were shooting I looked around, saw that we had all this equipment, knew how to use it and realized that, yeah, I'm actually *skilled* at this stuff. Of course you can't do everything yourself on a film, you have to depend on and trust other people to do certain things for you. But when they start going in directions you might never have thought of, *that's* when it really gets interesting."

Currently completing *Ferrum 5000*, Doughton can be contacted by equally affected parties at 51 McDougal St, New York, NY 10012 or (212) 222-5579 

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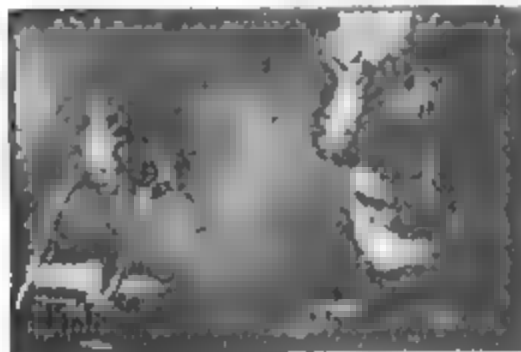
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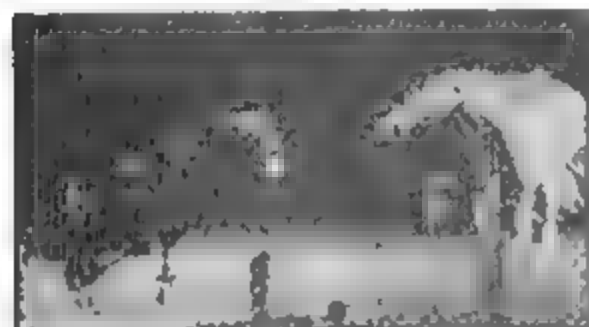


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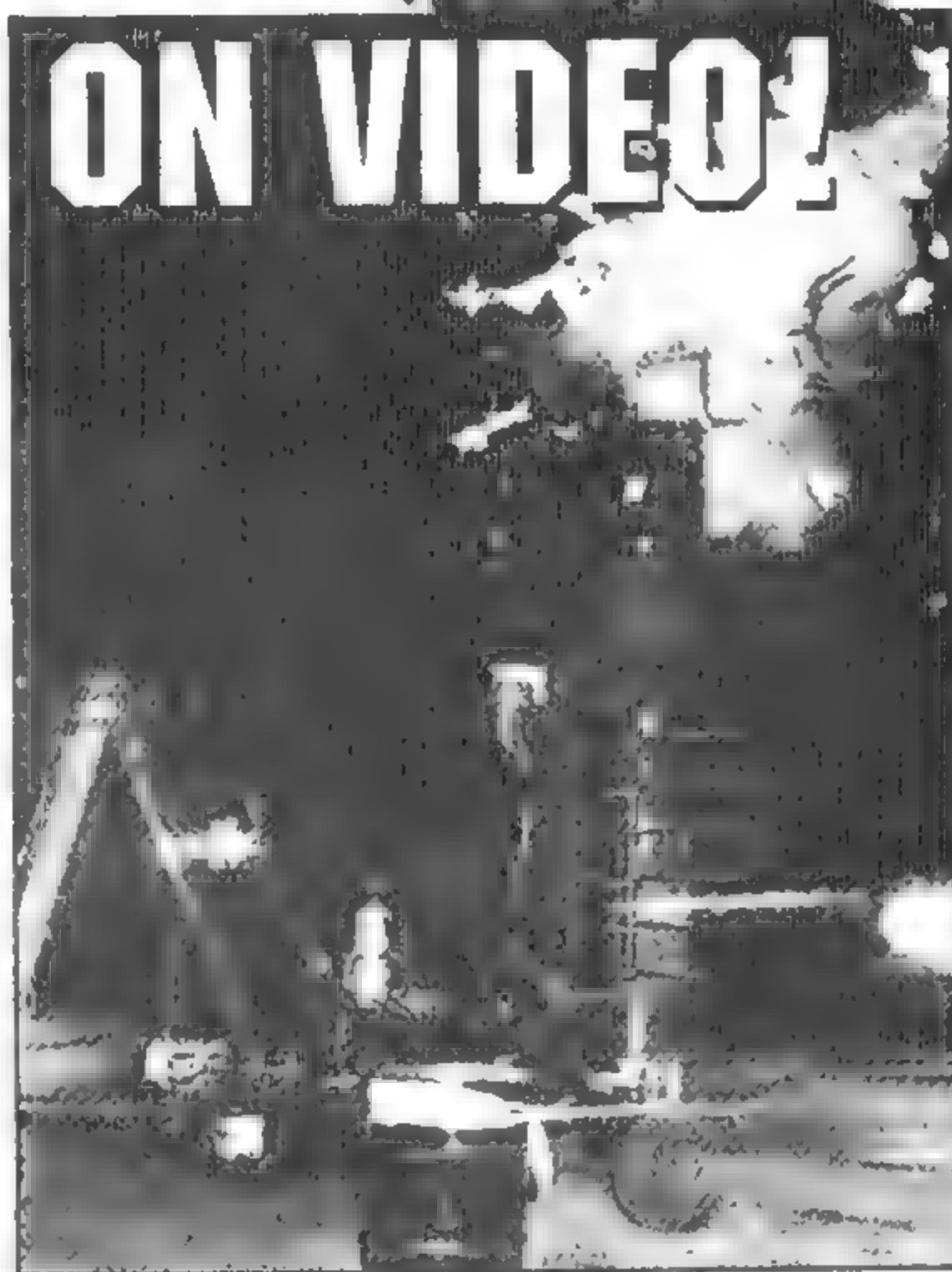


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"There are good pedophiles and there are bad pedophiles. We are good pedophiles."

—Roy Radow, Spokesman
for NAMBLA

"I told him that I wanted to follow him everywhere, I wanted to be his shadow, I wanted to document everything he did. But I scared him"

—documentarian Adi Sideman on
approaching NAMBLA

TO NAMBLA OR NOT TO NAMBLA

With his stunning NAMBLA documentary CHICKEN HAWK, filmmaker Adi Sideman may be taking objectivity to a new level.

by Dominic Griffin

WHILE ATTENDING A SEXUAL diversity class as a college senior, Israeli native Adi Sideman first heard about NAMBLA; or the North American Man Boy Love Association. Instantly, he knew he had to document these men and their strange ways.

NAMBLA currently has over a thousand members and their goal, according to press releases, is to legalize relationships between grown men and young boys. If you are still reading, then you can understand the filmmakers curiosity.

Only two years previous Adi was back in his native homeland finishing up a mandatory stretch in the Israeli army as a Sgt. Major in the paratroopers. After arriving in New York he enrolled in the prestigious NYU film school.

Originally, Sideman's documentary *Chicken Hawk* started as a fifteen minute

piece while Adi was in his sophomore year but became a much larger project after Adi's fascination grew and his ability to get closer to NAMBLA members increased—though members were at first wary of this brave Israeli filmmaker. "At first I called the NAMBLA hotline and I spoke to Renato (Corazza) [Well known to Howard Stern listeners: "If you are a boy lover..."] but I was totally unprofessional. I told him that I wanted to follow him everywhere, I wanted to be his shadow, I wanted to document everything he did. But I scared him". However Renato put him in touch with another NAMBLA member by the name of Leyland Stevenson who became much more co-operative. Leyland had already done a stretch for distribution of child pornography but he was eager to spread the word of his organization.

Both Renato and Leyland are heavily featured in *Chicken Hawk*. Along with this pair, more pedophiles are featured including renowned American poet, Allan Ginsberg. To balance out his documentary which is shot entirely on video, Sideman included a segment on Straight Kids USA.

Their goal is to make NAMBLA a non-entity (Read: eliminate).

Sideman retains a remarkable level of objectivity through out this piece. He never calls shots and purely presents the facts. Even his parents expressed their wishes in hindsight that he should have showed his true opinion. It is precisely this approach that has annoyed so many but Sideman does concede in interviews that their sexual desires are rather sick but he felt it was his responsibility as a documentarian to not take sides but rather allow the viewer to make up their own minds.

Together with his camera man and co-editor, Nadav Harel, they focus on the lives of five NAMBLA members as they try and convince all pedophiles to come out of the closet and fight for their right within American society.

All the pedophiles featured, believe that the problem is not with their sexual preferences but instead with the laws that prohibit them. As Leyland so eloquently puts it, "People look dumbly at the age of the participant rather than at the intelligence or quality of the relationship."

THE BOYS' CLUB OF



As Leyland goes on to explain, "Just because some people may know a fifteen year old boy who is not quite sure of his sexuality doesn't mean every young boy doesn't know".

COMING OUT

Sideman started this project in early 1993 with a 3/4 video camera and recorder that he borrowed from school. This clunky piece of equipment didn't do a great job according to Adi and he found himself having to do re-shoots after ten months of filming! Unable to again get hold of his clunky 3/4, he borrowed a small Hi-8 camera which made a great difference, because of the the *verite* style he used. As Adi explains, "I guess the big camera put them off but as soon as I started using the Hi-8, they all just opened up". (Eventually Adi and his cohort shot thirty hours of tape with a total cost through post production of fifteen thousand dollars)

Indeed, in the film, Adi manages to get Leyland flirting with a near fifteen year-old in a parking lot. This incident, Leyland will later describe as "really

beautiful". Also within *CH* are some scenes of well respected poet, Allan Ginsberg, reading one of his own compositions, "Young Boy, Give Me Your Ass".

If there is a star of this documentary, it is Leyland. His soft-toned voice could be that of a friendly uncle or that of a Hollywood-movie-type creep. There's a mystery behind his dolce tones. The fifty five year old currently resides in New York and works for a publisher but he is a member of the New York State Bar Association and has worked frequently within the financial markets of The Big Apple. When asked if he is gay, he tells, "Well, yes I'm attracted to men more than women", but he claims that he has had

"Just because some people may know a fifteen year old boy who is not quite sure of his sexuality doesn't mean every young boy doesn't

know"—CONFESSED PEDOPHILE


LEYLAND STEVENSON

relationships with women and doesn't rule one out in the future. But his favorite is small pubescent teenage boys, he proudly states. "I find that adolescent boys are extremely attractive in many ways. They have a refreshing atmosphere about them, they're vivacious and full of vitality. But I can't tell you a specific type of young teenage boy that I like, that'd be like me asking you why you like strawberry cake!"

Todd Phillips, of the film's theatrical distribution company, Stranger Than Fiction Films (and always willing to voice an opinion) counters, "With Leyland, he likes a combination: The spirit of TV's *Webster* juxtaposed with Macauley Culkin's good looks."


SHOCKING TIMES

When Sideman eventually screened his film at NYU, people were just a little shocked, surprisingly enough. "They were not happy with the focus on pedophiles", he laments. "But I didn't look for victims, that's been done before besides I couldn't find any children that had been molested by NAMBLA members and I certainly wasn't going to advertise for them in the



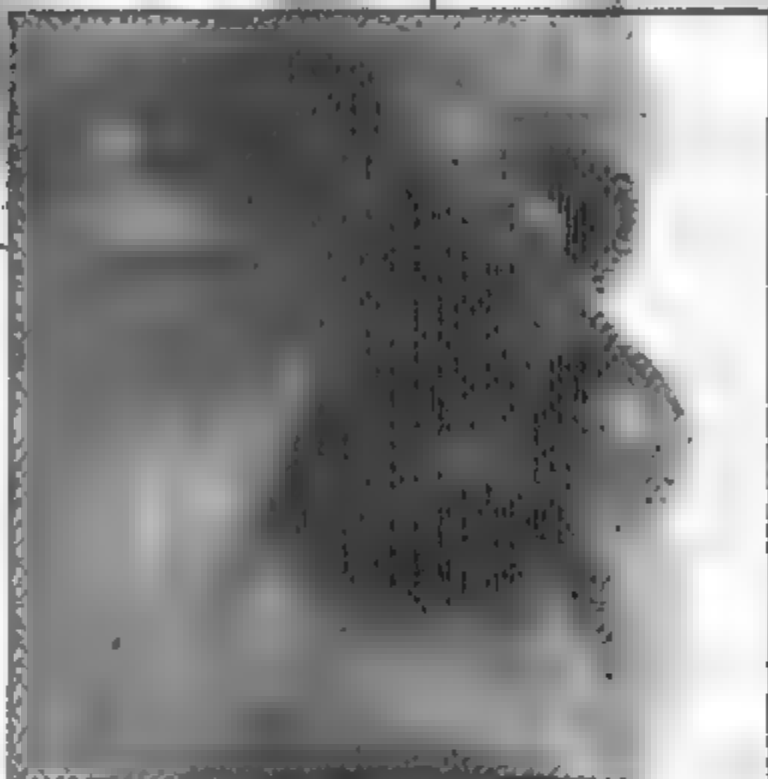
**"We knew
he was
kinda
weird."**

**—MIKE
REFERRING TO
THE AGING
PEDOPHILE**



**"He's in that
wonderful limbo
between child and
adolescent. They both
went out of their way
to flirt with me."**

**—LEYLAND STEVENSON
REFERRING TO A PAIR OF
PROSPECTIVE COMPANIONS**



newspapers." Despite earning the chagrin of many at his school, the film did win Best Documentary at the New York Underground Film Festival and ironically went on to win two more awards at the Fest: Best Director and Best Achievement.

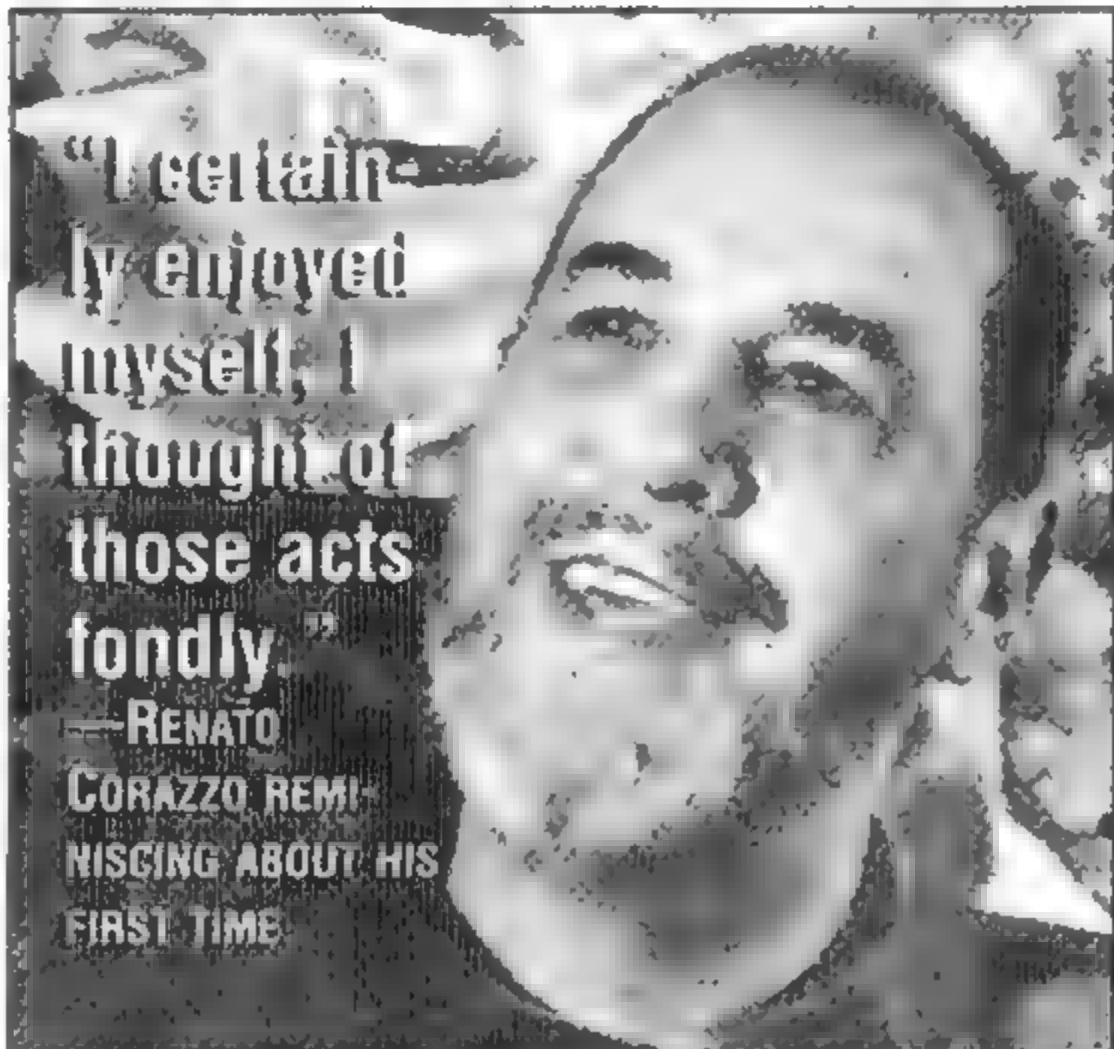
The gay community hasn't really endeared itself to the film either. As Adi explains, "There was a reluctance within the gay community to give a statement regarding NAMBLA and when I did show it to activists, they said it was going to hurt them. They felt they would be tarnished with the same brush." As the theatrical distributor, Phillips agrees that gay people have been wrongly associated with NAMBLA. "They [NAMBLA] like to hide under a gay blanket which is unfair," says the director of the famed GG Allin documentary, *Hated*.

However, Todd, always a man with a terrifically sick sense of humor, jokes that he plans on "marketing the movie to Boy Scouts and pedophiles alike," before stating seriously that the gay community are interested in this film and will buy tickets. "Look, we're not showing this in Kentucky—the film deserves to be seen, it's a great documentary," the twenty six year old entrepreneur says. When asked how his partner, Andrew Gurland, felt about the film, Todd said, "NAMBLA is cool, according to Andrew."

**THEY'RE HERE,
THEY'RE...**

Whatever your feelings are regarding the content of this film and its lack of subjective opinion towards a sick subject, it should be seen for its boldness, intelligence and controversy. It proves a very insightful piece and if by chance you happen to be a parent you should be aware that these people exist out there.

[TV-14]



**"I certainly
enjoyed
myself; I
thought of
those acts
fondly."**

**—RENATO
CORAZZO REMI-
NISCEING ABOUT HIS
FIRST TIME**



LEYLAND MISCONSTRUES A PHONE
CALL INTO A PRECOCIOUS COME-
OUT. HE EVEN DESCRIBES THE MINI-
MUM, CROSS-DRESSER AS "BEAUTIFUL."

be five, six, seven, and three. Leyland claims, "I don't like them that young," implying that his type is more of the teenage variety. However Phillips says, "I've looked through the NAMBLA bulletins and I see boys of this age all the time."

Currently, Phillips, Gurland and director Alex Crawford are busy finishing *Porn American Style*, a documentary that focuses on the adult video industry and especially, porn pioneer, Al Goldstein. [Covered expertly by David E. Williams in FTVG #9.]

Always looking for extreme subject matter, Phillips, who claims to be well respected and established within the New York swinging community (and who are we to doubt him) hopes to one day document these free form ultra-liberals. "It's my ultimate wish. It's a fascinating lifestyle that I subscribe too," he proudly gloars. **OTD**

EVEN STRANGER THAN FICTION

Upon first seeing the film, *Stranger Than Fiction* Films knew *Chicken Hawk* was for them.

Owned and run by Todd Phillips and Andrew Gurland, they have managed to get the film into select (and we mean *select*) theatres in some of the more liberal major cities across this great country of ours.

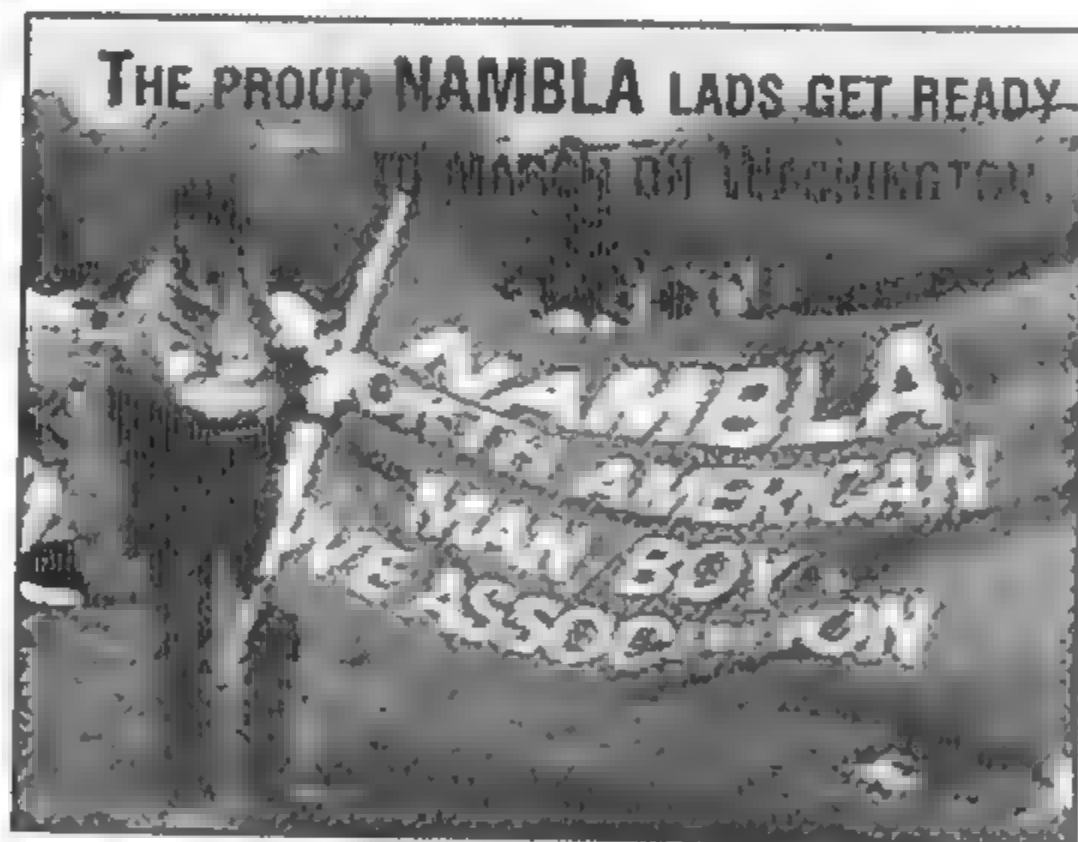
Avid readers of FTVG shouldn't be unfamiliar with our buddie, Todd. He was the fine individual (along with Alex Crawford) responsible for the excellent and also controversial documentary *Hated*. But despite how radical and angry a person GG Allin was to focus your camera on, NAMBLA proved a whole different ball game.

After the success of *Hated*, Phillips set up *Stranger Than Fiction* Films with partner Gurland. "We are building a company based on controversial films, not shying away from anything and *Chicken Hawk* was perfect," Phillips explains. He adds, with tongue firmly planted in cheek, "It was our responsibility to carry it." Phillips then goes on to share his own experiences with regard to the subject matter. "I must add that one of the other primary reasons for carrying this film is that when I was a young boy, I was taken

out to the woods behind my house by a neighbor named Steve," he adds with tears welling in his eyes.

After a break to collect his composure, Phillips returns to his funny mode and says he jokingly played with the idea using the slogan "Don't Leave This Homo Alone With Your Boy" on the theatrical poster, but decided "It wasn't funny beyond the confines of my office."

Even though he omitted this particular sentence from the marketing strategy, Phillips has come under criticism regarding the *CH* movie poster. It features a picture of the documentary's star, Leyland Stevenson, surrounded by young boys whose average age appear to



"HEY RENATO, COME ON OUT, BABY-RAPER! SHOW YOUR FACE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BLOCK PARTY!" —
TOM McDONOUGH, LEADER OF ANTI-NAMBLA GROUP
STRAIGHT KIDS USA

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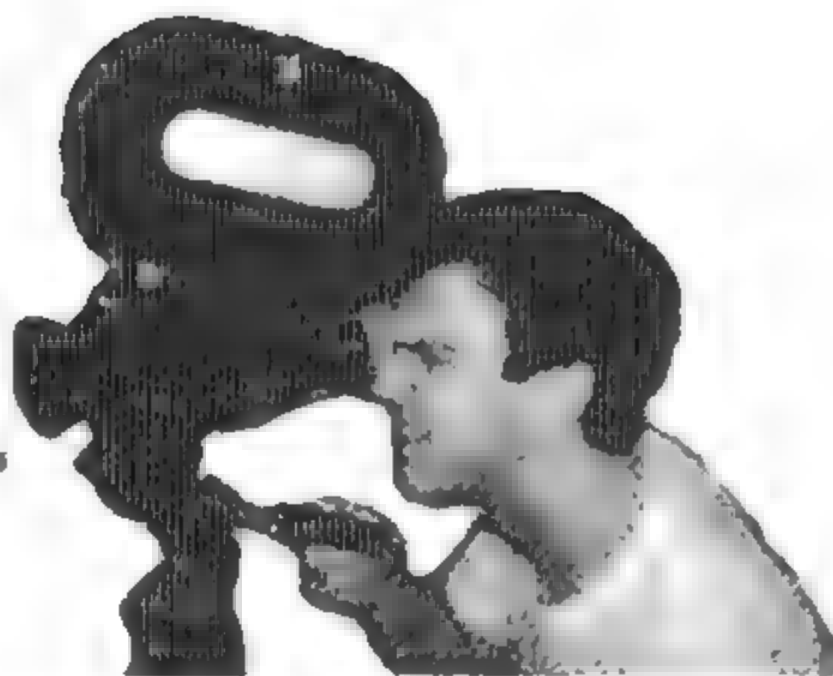
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NUDIE FILM BLUES



by Mike Quarles

The real-life confessions of a pathetic sack willing to spend every dime he had on following a demented dream—even if that lead outside the Bible Belt.

SOMETIMES A FELLOW can convince himself he's capable of doing anything. At such times, men of sound mind and character apply themselves to good works. I, on the other hand, decided to make a nudie film.

Why had I become obsessed with making a film in a completely outdated genre? The nudies had fizzled out back in the 1960's. Well, I had reasons, and they seemed logical at the time.

First, I had limited resources. There wasn't \$10 million sitting around in a bank account for me to play with. If I wanted to make a movie, I'd have to make something that could be made on the cheap. Second, it would have to be something that would sell. Nudity sold. Ergo, there would be naked females in the film. Third, video collectors were crazy about the nudie-curries made back in the 1960's. What if I made a film specifically for this audience? It sounded sure-fire.

I knew the audience, and I knew the films. I'd just sent my book *Down and Dirty: Hollywood's Exploitation Filmmakers and their Movies* to McFarland, who would eventually publish it in December of 1993. I'd spent months writing about the careers of Dwain Esper, David Friedman, Russ Meyer, and all the rest of them. I knew how H.G. Lewis shot *Lucky Pierre* on short ends for \$7500. The book reminded me every step



of the way how others (albeit more skilled) had made successful films on minuscule budgets.

I had most of the stuff I would need: a 16mm camera, Tota-lights, crude-but-dependable editing equipment. What I didn't have were the nudies.

Let me tell you that the Bible Belt is no place to go looking for girls who want to take their clothes off in a film. Contracting modeling agencies proved to be a waste of time. Phones were slammed down as soon as I said the word "nude." Those that didn't generally treated me like a pervert (Hey, I may be one, but I don't want to be treated like one.).

I'm not the kind of person that's easily put off, though. Other people were making naked movies. There had to be some place that I could find women willing to disrobe for a few moments of celluloid immortality.

As I researched the subject, I began to find magazines that catered to nude photographers. The model sources advertised in them proved to be as worthless as my attempts at the modeling agencies. But the photographers themselves proved differently.

Out of the five or six I wrote to, two

Get back to your white-trash roots: BLUES director Quarles lines up a sweaty-palmed shot for his epic of unprovoked nekkidness.

answered. I made them a simple proposition. Cash on the barrel for models and a place to shoot. They took me up

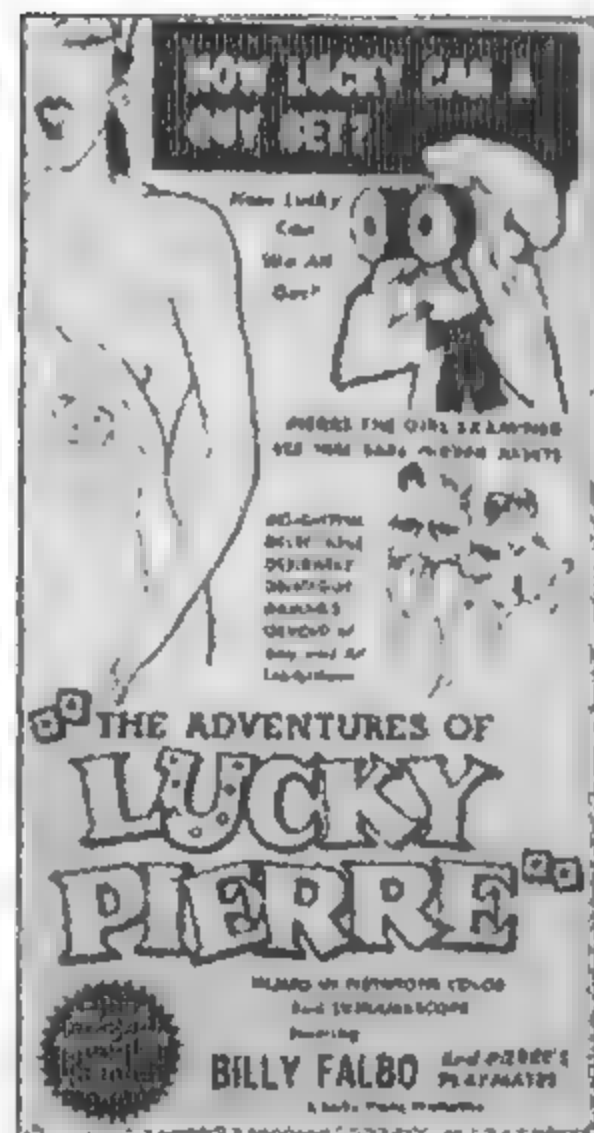
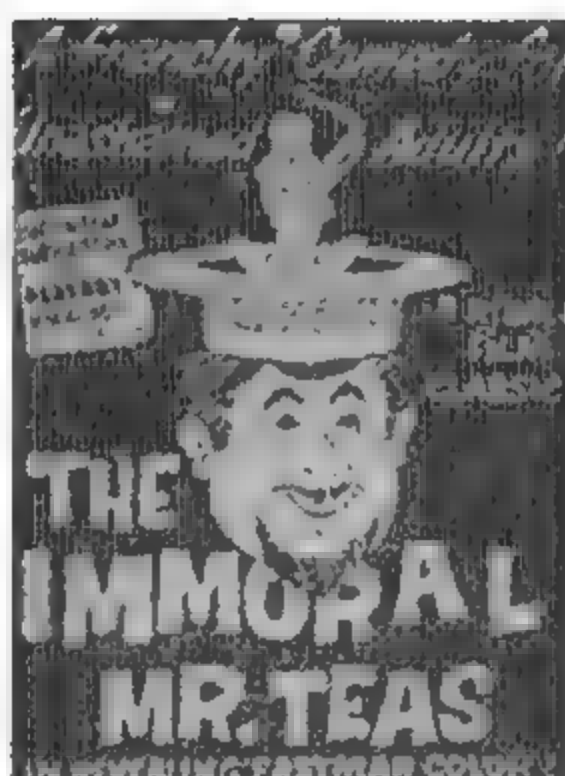
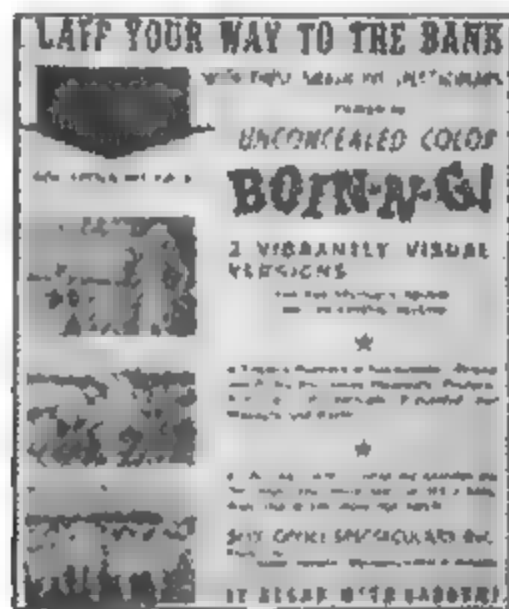
on it.

It seemed that all systems were go. Practically everything I needed to shoot a nudie was set. There were just a few minor things that had to be taken care of, like getting a lab to process my footage.

It was the modeling agency mess all over again. Nobody who processed 16mm reversal film would do nudity. One gentleman at a lab admitted, "My boss is one of those Moral Majority types. We'd run about one spool and that would be it."

That left me with no other choice but shooting negative film, and getting it processed by one of the big boys. It would double my cost for film and lab fees. The money would have to come from someplace else in my pocket change budget. This would only be the first in a series of financial calamities I would have to deal with.

After the rigmarole of setting up an account at the lab was behind me, I was ready to start shooting. Not wanting to bite off more than I could chew, I made an appointment with Scan Johnson, the photographer from Tennessee who was setting things up for me, to shoot one Saturday. We would only be using one model, and trying to get just a couple of



scenes in the can.

It was a 200-mile drive to Stan's studio from my home. As I said before, nudies are hard to come by in the Bible Belt. Stan's studio was nice, and the model he provided was fantastic. She was a big, voluptuous blonde.

For the scene we were going to shoot, she had brought different pairs of panties so I could pick what I wanted her to wear. She opened her bag.

"I have these," she said, taking out a white pair. "And these," she said, taking out a blue pair. "And I have these," she said, lifting up her dress.

I knew immediately that cinema was my life's calling.

My estimation of how long it would take was way over long. In about two and a half hours we were done. I headed home, and got my film stock ready to ship. It had been a great shakedown cruise, a necessary thing to have under my belt, because in two weeks I would be heading to San Diego. There, Gene Henderson had three gorgeous young women who wanted to be in my film.

The plane I was going to take was scheduled to leave on Saturday. The Monday before I decided to check through my gear to make sure everything was ready. I even decided to recharge my camera battery.

It wouldn't take a charge. Worse yet, the camera had froze up. I had four days to go before I left, and my camera was dead. It would be the second major calamity of the project. There was no way to get it fixed before I departed.

That left me with the option of renting a camera like an Arri SR11, which I had

never operated before, or buying another camera that I knew a little about. I sent for a Bolex. My budget, laughable before this, was now officially shot.

No matter. San Diego, palm trees, and beautiful girls beckoned. I got on the plane carrying a camera I had never shot so much as a foot of film with, going all the way across the country to make a movie with a fellow who I'd only spoken to on the phone. Long odds, wouldn't you say?

Actually, I had more to go on than phone calls in dealing with Gene Henderson. He did an excellent videotape audition with several models so I could pick the ones I wanted. Several of them were "names" in the field. I picked three, and all were eager to work on their first feature.

The shoot in San Diego was the best fun I had during the making of the film. There were a few awkward moments, like the first time I tried to load the Bolex. I didn't quite have a handle on how the threading worked, so my film went spinning out into the floor. Or when we were going to shoot a nude scene outside by a swimming pool. I looked up the hill and realized at least half a dozen homes looked down on us. At least nobody called the cops.

Over the next six weeks or so, I made two more trips to Tennessee. This left me with a total of more than an hour of nudity to use in my film. The "money shots" were in the can.

It was time to shoot the storyline that would tie them all together.

A friend of mine agreed to play the part of a likable filmmaker named Chuck, who has become so obsessed with the exploitation movies of the 1960's that he

tries to make one himself. Along the way he falls in love with one of his actresses, and gets to meet his favorite director, nudie king C.S. Calhoun. This plot allowed me to use the naked stuff I'd shot to show how Chuck was progressing with his film. I even got in front of the camera myself, playing the role of Chuck's musician friend Larry.

When I finally had all my footage together, I got it transferred for editing. Though the transfer was pricey, it saved money in the long run. Cutting workprint the regular way, then matching the negative and getting an answer print made would have been too slow and too expensive.

My finished product came out looking very much like a nudie curie from the early 1960's. It has the good points and the bad of such films. On the positive side, it has an open, almost innocent feel in the way it handles nudity, and can get the viewer in a nostalgic frame of mind. The negative side is that like those early nudies, the lack of funds left some comically crude flaws.

Now I'm searching for a distributor who understands the goofy rationale behind my little movie, and can get it to those folks like Chuck, who idolize the David Friedmans and even the C.S. Calhouns of the world. **DVD**

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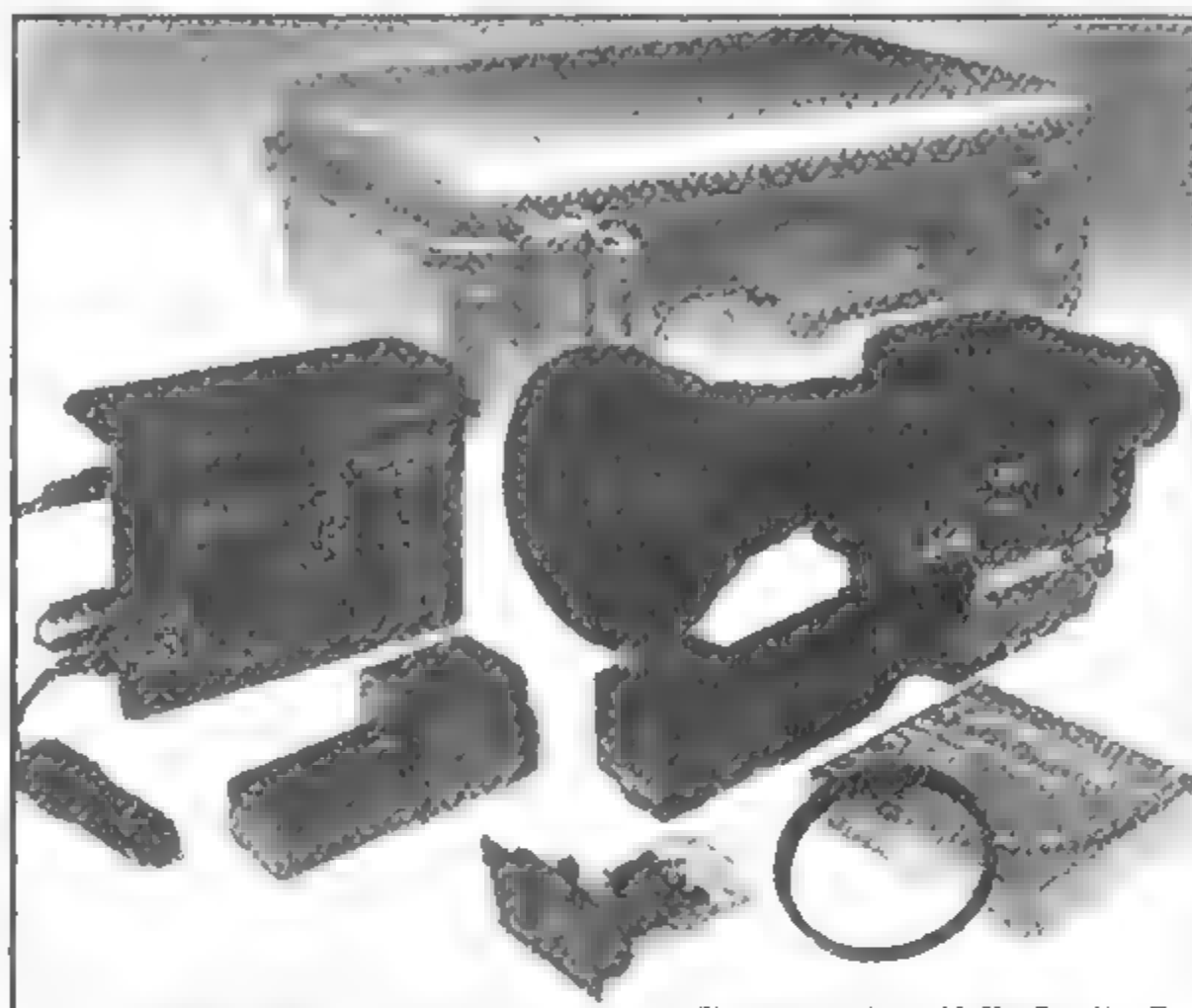
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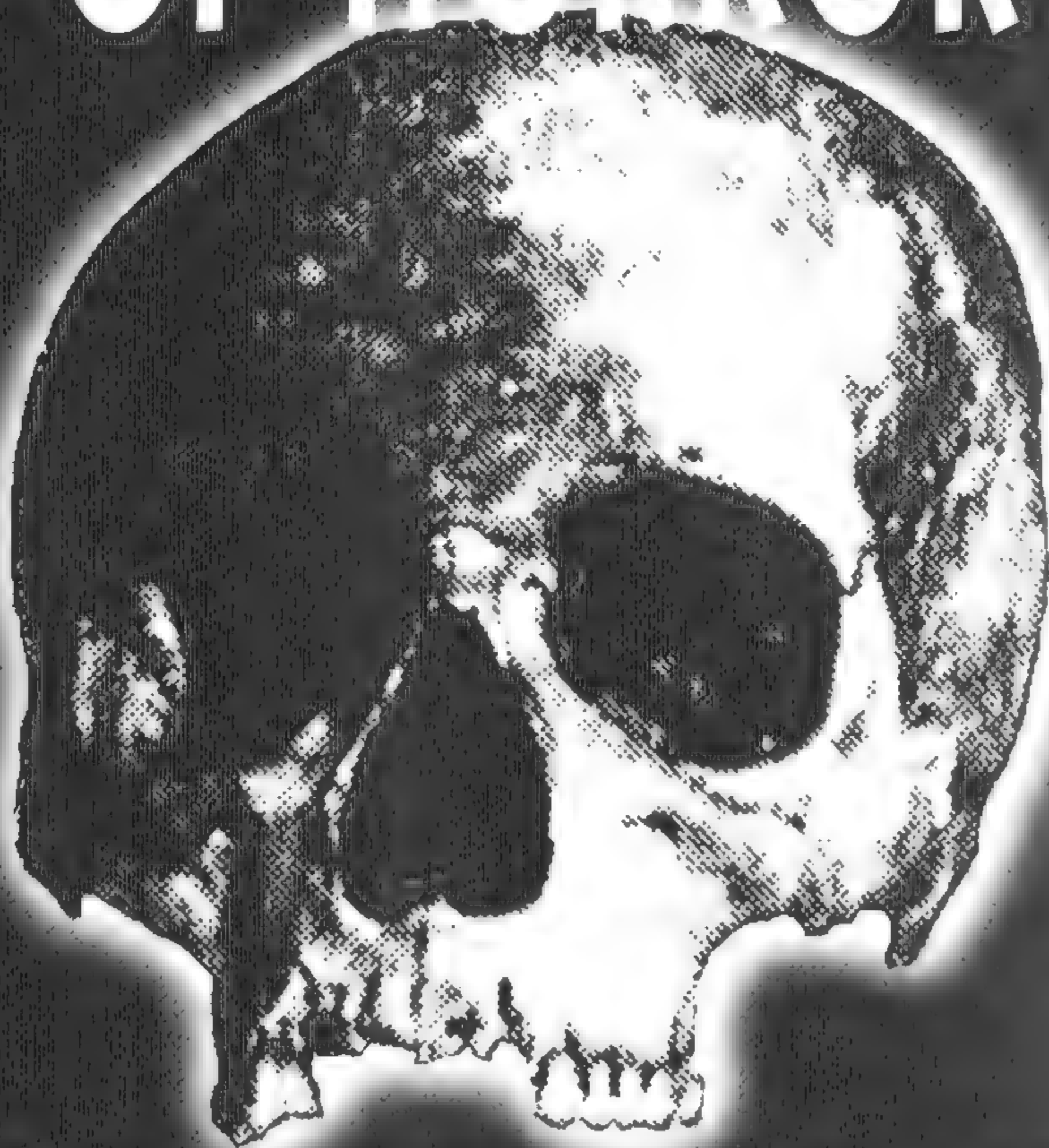
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DR. SHE ROCKER

Head shrinker turned filmmaker Dr. Lisa Apramian, Ph.D. explores the world of ferocious female bands with her documentary *NOT BAD FOR A GIRL*, featuring L7, Hole and Babes in Toyland. ETVG's Nicholas Constant recently sat down with the good Dr. Lisa and editor Kyle C. Kyle to discuss their labor of love.



Donita Sparks
of L7

VOCIFEROUS DOCUMENTARTIAN DR. LISA Apramian and editor Kyle C. Kyle began their project four years ago—way before its time. The label *alternative music* was a year away from entering the country's vocabulary. It was going to be even longer before female bands were going to be accorded respect by the nation. *Riot Grrrl* was just a misspelled word. However, Apramian and Kyle, who were a couple at the time, felt they had to document this burgeoning tidal wave. Although both of them possessed qualifications to be involved in a film of this type, they had never before been at the helm of such an undertaking. However this small technicality didn't stop them. Learning every step of the way, they dove in with a quest for knowledge equal to that of the passion they saw in these bands. Some skeptics have argued that this movement never reached its potential but contrastly it may have more than reached their goal, in that, female rockers are no longer distinguished by their gender. Because their labor of love has taken so long, some have said the documentary missed the boat. Regardless, it is a fascinating piece of work and at the least a prophetic time capsule.

Give me an overview of your project.

Dr. Lisa: It's been a long time since I've started, going on three years. A couple of years before I even conceived of the project, I started seeing bands like L7—it was kind of a new concept of seeing women playing a hardcore style. It was very exhilarating for me personally. I needed to see the personification of a woman up there, so that I could feel like her. I could see a million men, I could want to emulate them, but it's more empowering seeing your own sex doing it. It makes you feel like you can do that. That started happening years back, and listening to KXLU [in Los Angeles] and wondering "Who are they?" and finding there's a band called Babes in Toyland or Hole. It just started this excitement in me, trying to find out how many bands were out there playing in this style. My own growth process as a woman propelled me to talk to them, and vicariously get something out of that. My fantasy was to be up there, but I was, in a way, enshrined in my own shame about expressing myself that intensely. I wanted to be more like them, they seemed so uninhibited. I think that was my own self-motivation. I'd done a lot of music research in the field of psychology before, so not only was I interested in gender issues but also in the process of being a musician and this style of music that seemed "dark." Many of the female bands that I liked seemed to encompass these painful issues and I wanted to ask them about the creative process. I'm intrigued by people who aren't necessarily in therapy, but I was wondering if the creative process was therapeutic or helpful in some way. So I had two different areas I wanted to look at, madness and creativity and going inside you and finding your inner experience and channeling that into words and lyrics and playing it. How does that work for people? And I was also concerned with the gender issues. Very specifically I wanted to know if any of the women up there struggled in the personification, if they ever compared themselves to the traditional female stereotype and if

expressing themselves in that was a painful process. Were there any conflicts or doubts or shame, because I had felt that. If they did that, I wanted to know how they conquered it. If they didn't feel those feelings, I wanted to know why, what was different about their upbringing that didn't make it such a struggle for them. That's pretty much the documentary.

Why did you get involved, Kyle?

KYLE C. KYLE: I didn't take Lisa seriously. She had this notion about extending a dissertation that she had done on adolescence and their reaction to music. I don't know how the idea of a video came up, it was pretty casual. I used to play with Donita [Sparks, of L7] so I thought, "Let's see if she's game." I never thought I'd still be at it 4 years later. I thought it was a joke.

So the video evolved from a dissertation?

Dr. L: No, my dissertation was on adolescents and rock music and I went to a high school and wanted 8 kids that were *intensely* into rock music. Those that would say "rock music is my life." I got a million volunteers and went into their houses and would interview and get *really* specific on what rock music does for them and what they do in their bedrooms when they listen to it. It was great.

So were you in school when you were doing this?

Dr. L: No, I'd finished, I'd gotten my PhD when we started, I was thinking of the idea before that. I never knew Kyle was going to be so involved in it. It was typical non-communication. I don't think it was until we'd had our Nth millionth fight about him wanting to have some power and control and say into what we were doing. I was always saying, "This is my project, shut up!"

You and Kyle were boyfriend and girlfriend, right?

Dr. L: We were back then.

So you're doing this whole project on gender issues, and you're also a couple that must be dealing with a lot of gender issues. That's kind of weird. Was it Lisa vs. Kyle?

K: [Laughs] We got the most famous female bands just to act as pawns for our own little project. We don't really settle it, it's whoever shouts the last, wins. I'm here in private now, I've got the editing machine.

Dr. L: I was very concerned about him having creative

input because he did not represent to me someone who was hypersensitive to women's issues. I felt as an editor, for you to have control you had to be sensitive. Kyle can be two things, he can be kind of callous and he may have grown up and perceives himself as *not* sexist. So I don't think he really understood where I was coming from, the pain as a woman. I was just afraid he'd missed it. Maybe a woman who was struggling with it would be a better editor. In terms of gender issues, I'm a control freak. Even though Kyle's been instrumental in all my music connections because he's in the music industry and almost everybody who participated in this was either one of his ex-girlfriends or somebody he knows through being a musician in L.A. He's been helpful, but I wanted control.

This seems to be all about control, what kind of insights do you think you've gotten about women in rock being in control. Also, as

a filmmaker, do you feel you've been empowered by being involved in the creative process?

Dr. L: There are different kinds of empowerment. If I could be so bold as answer for the band members, it seems like they try and have control over how the industry and the media portray them. Some of the members feel that that is the place that they should be most active in controlling. That's where they have the power to not answer questions or not participate in them being personified in a way that they don't like. That seems very active.

But doesn't that just shut them up?

Dr. L: I don't think so. No.

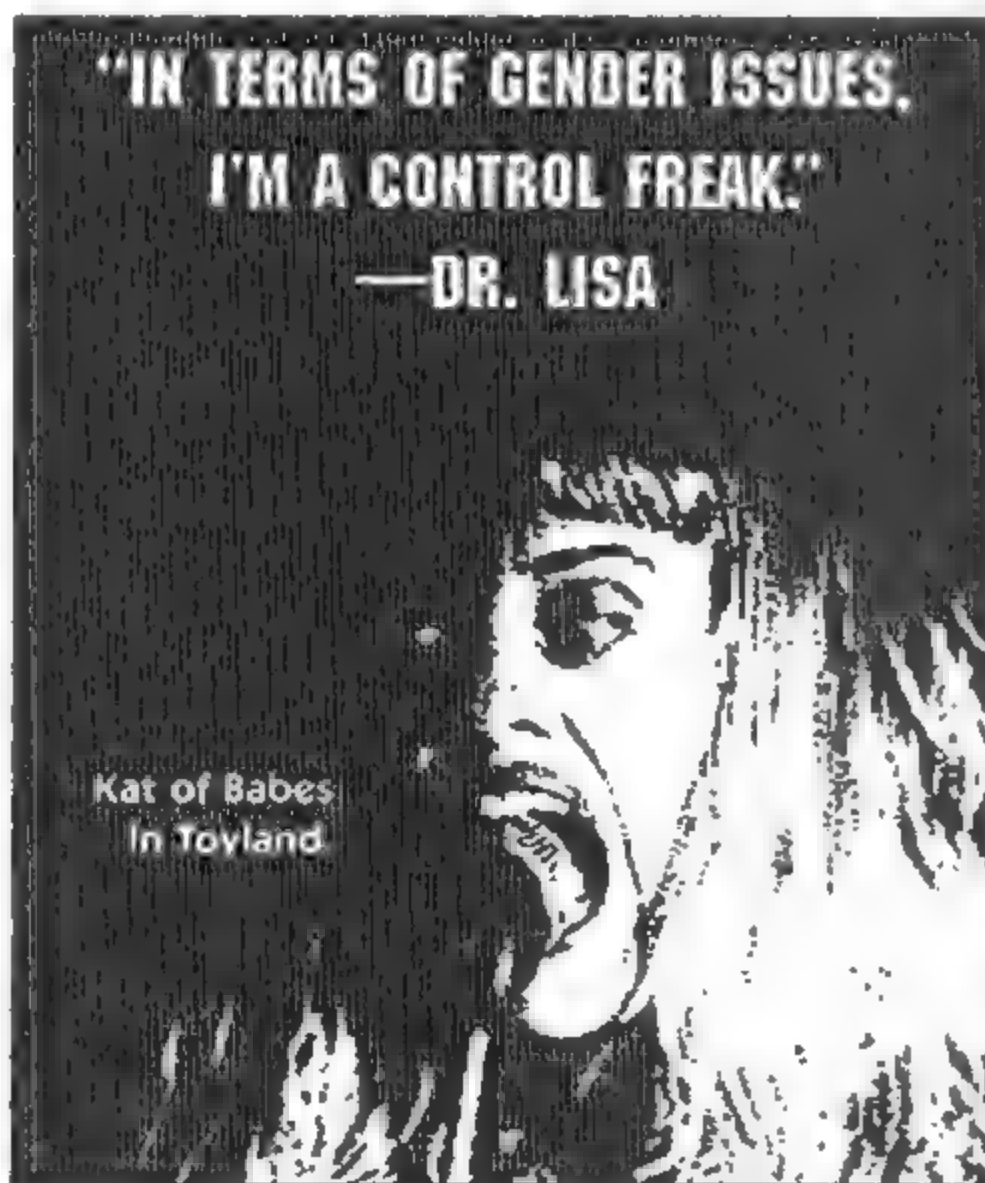
K: What the fuck is *empowerment* anyway? I think it's more out of frustration, and wanting

to be somewhere else.

Then do you think there is a gender issue here?

K: Not in what we're talking about now, no. But they do probably more at the initial stages—the instant of actually picking up a guitar and doing it. But it probably becomes less and less important as more women start doing it. But there are gender issues in what Lisa is talking about—press representation, business and such—that are real. It's hard—you'll get a different answer from whoever you ask.

L: It's in what questions are asked or in what light the media casts them. Jennifer [Finch of L7] would say the media has a very tiny strain of why they were interested—as if their group were some kind of female novelty act. And they had to constantly not play into that. That's a gender



issue. But there are unique things that a man writes about, just as there are unique things a woman might write about, so it's not an asexual thing. But perhaps it also has to do with creative expression in general. It's hard to start in rock 'n roll and have technical growth with whatever instrument you've chosen, or your vocals.

How did your preconceptions about this project change as you learned more and this project developed? Did your direction change?

Dr. L: It did...and it didn't. Going into the project, I started off with an interview of myself, just so I would have on record where I started from and document my own misconceptions. As a researcher, I knew I was going to learn things I never suspected, but I was surprised to learn that many of the women in these bands had a very different upbringing than I did. They either came from matriarchal families, so a strong female presence was natural to them or taken for granted, or in another pattern, they were from son-less homes where the father took an interest in the daughter and affected the child in some way that they weren't by the mother. Gender also wasn't as big of an issue for some of these women as it was for me.

Do you think that women getting together in a rock band is some kind of political statement? Or could it be that some of them are following a "girl group" fad? Is it that conscious?

K: That would be the case now, but that's the way the record business works. Whatever's the fad is the easiest thing to do if you're there at the right time.

Dr. L: In some ways they were and some ways they weren't focused on gender issues. They were politically aware and sexism was something they were striving against, but I don't think they organized the band like that.

K: It's a natural outgrowth of the purpose of the band. Take L7 for instance, they've been around, they're established enough. Their initial concern wasn't to have a political message or be a political band.

Dr. L: Courtney [Love] was the most premeditated. She intentionally wanted female musicians. I don't think the

Lunachicks did. It was just a gang of friends who said "lets start a band." L7's case was similar, but I think Courtney believe women play differently and have different sensitivities.

Do you feel you're stereotyping things just as the rest of the media does with a "women in rock" documentary?

Dr. L: I do and I don't. When I started doing this I was oblivious that these women had been bombarded with the "novelty act" angle in the press, so they were tired of being asked "What is it like to be a female musician?" So I felt I

was really doing them a disservice by doing this documentary and their initial response was "Blech!" But when they met me and we did the interviews...they didn't want those questions coming from the music industry press, but from a psychological point of view it was different for them.

K: The band members differentiated it from the kind of journalism they were used to. Lisa was a shrink and the interviews were far more in depth than what they had done before—and they were all one-on-one with each band member in private. You don't get that in *Melody Maker*—though you won't exactly get that in the finished documentary. But one of the best things this project can do is broaden the perspective that these women are rock musicians.

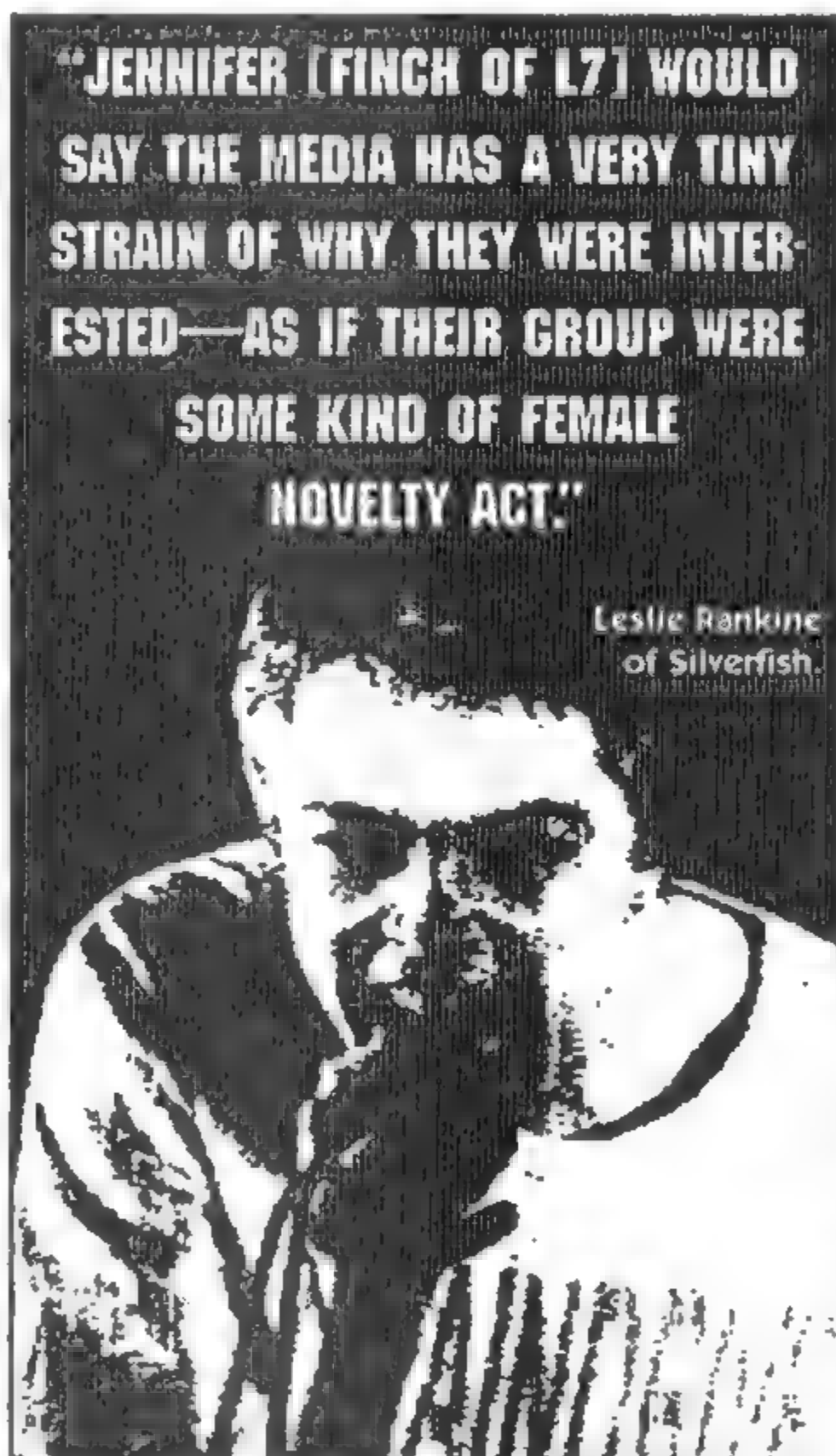
Is that because it will legitimize them in some way?

K: No, but it will humanize them. When I was a kid, I always looked at whoever the big band at the time was and emulated them. Took drugs,

whatever. A film like this would have been helpful to me—to see these people having a conversation and just being themselves.

What can you tell me about the editing process you used?

Dr. L: After I completed the interviews, I selected all the quotes that I wanted in the film and I then had nothing to do with the project for a good three months while Kyle started editing it, weaving the first draft together. I wanted to see all that put together without any music before we continued. Kyle then started putting music all around it, loading it with music.



K: My argument was always that the band members original attraction for each other was music and that if you never heard them play, you certainly wouldn't know them. It was done that way also because I had to learn how to edit—so a lot of the stuff I did early on was just to figure out how to use the machines.

Dr. L: Kyle had never edited anything before, but he learned, on this machine, the Video Toaster. Not that he was a pro at first, but he got into it and was cutting on the second day.

What were some of the things you learned about the riot grrrl movement and how is that included in the film?

Dr. L: That was a very painful experience—it's painful just to talk about it. It started by my contacting Kathleen [Hanna, of Bikini Kill] and we had a really good connection on the phone. She was actually weeping, saying that she always wanted to have an interview like this—that she had all these things to talk about. She was very eager to meet with me and arranged for me to meet with several bands, so she was very helpful, although we eventually did not hit it off. Due to my usual state of frenzy during production—I was not only the interviewer, but sound person, camera person and everything else—there was a lot of miscommunication and Kathleen and I actually clashed. I was also very paranoid about my idea for the documentary, so I was very secretive about what I was doing and I think that was misunderstood. So as a result, I was instantly pegged as "the enemy" and people who didn't know me didn't give me a chance. I tried everything I could to fix the situation, but before I ever got a chance I was written off. As a result, there are several bands who I really wanted in the documentary who are not in it. I understand where they were coming from because they have been screwed over so many times in the media, but they were being overprotective. I think there were a few riot grrrls there who could decide for themselves whether they hated my guts or if they had a bad vibe, but a lot of girls aren't ready to do that. They're young and impressionable and frightened—and I can respect that—but I felt it was a tragic experience. I think for a lot of them this was their first experience in feminism, their coming out, so it was new to them. But the anarchist element in the riot grrrls movement has really slowed it down and in a way that's too bad.

In the punk scene, there was a very "I can do better than that" attitude, that drove a lot of people into bands, is that competitive mood part of the female rocker scene?

L: I don't experience it that way. Seeing someone else doing it helps people feel ready to do things themselves. Not *better* than *them*, but my *own* version. I think we all have the potential to express ourselves, but being *better* is a sort of narcissism. But it's also much more than just getting up there and doing it.

K: The four or five bands that predominate the document-



**Suzy Gardner
and Joan Jett
with L7 at Rock
For Choice**

[illegible]

Gender and how they must affect their

[illegible]

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___Slippery, slimy, slugs from space take over humans, turning them into zombies and then explode from their heads under times of duress!

___Spielberg's ex, Amy Irving, induces John Cassevertes to finish the film with a bang!

___Okay, so we don't actually see it, but John Goodman had that big double barreled shotgun right in the face of that cop at the end.

His head HAD to have exploded!

___Michael Ironside isn't fucking around here, and neither is director Cronenberg.

___Okay, so his head doesn't really explode, but this scientist's noggin gets crushed, squished and gored a plenty after he has a run in with Herbert West!

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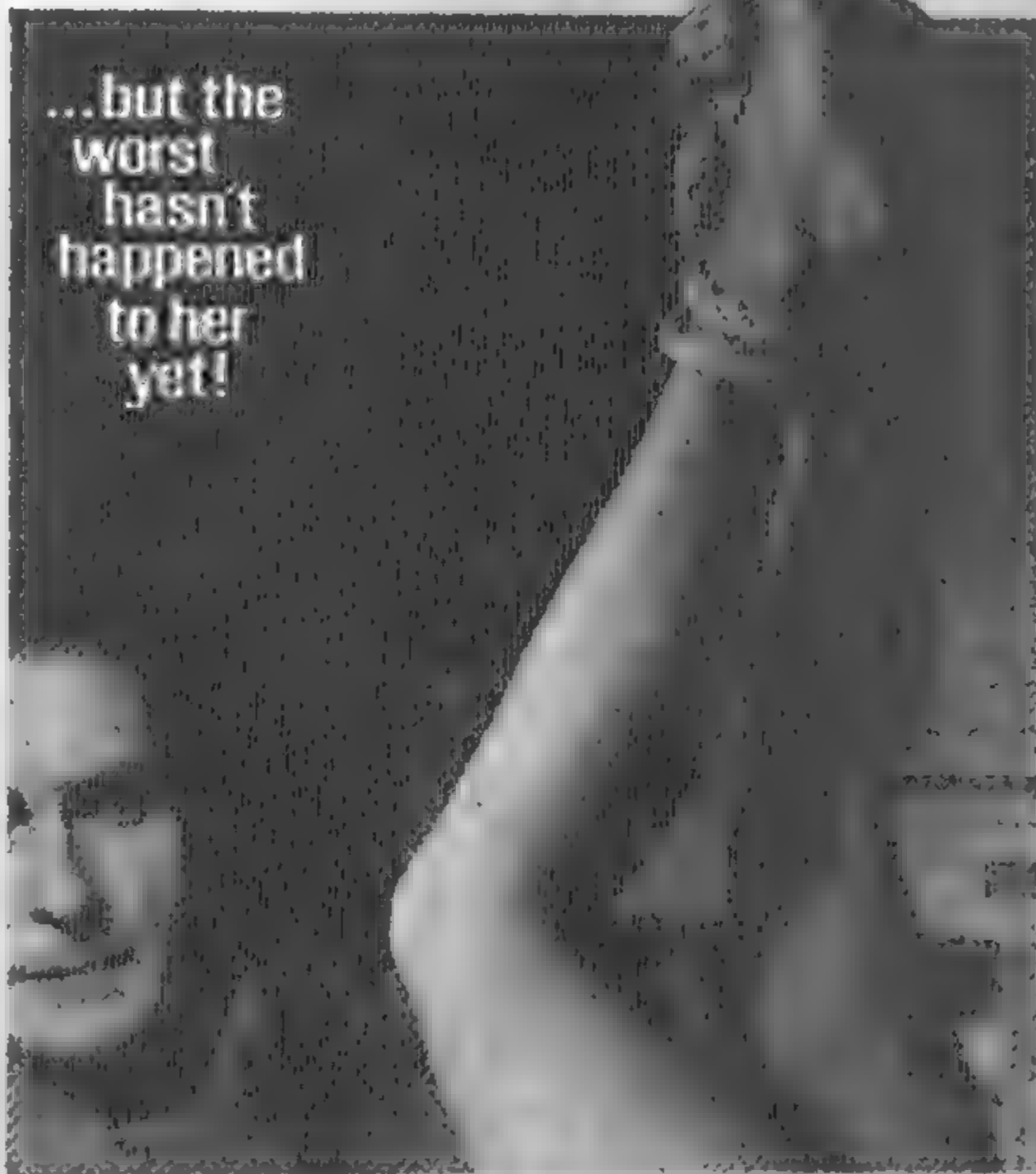
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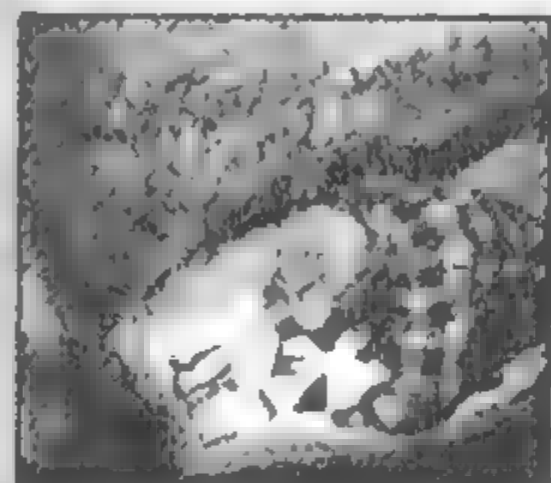
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"MATURE" VIDEOS: Many of our films are intended for teen-agers or adults rather than for children; we will not fulfill orders for these titles unless accompanied by a signed statement (or statement made over the phone) that the person ordering the items is over 18. Most of our videos are very explicit and adult (such as *Hated* or *Nekromantik*), though some are actually acceptable for children (*Trib 99* or the *SRL* tapes). While we do our best to fully describe the contents of all our tapes, please write for information if you have questions as to the suitability of any video.

WHOLESALE ORDERS: Our films are regularly available for sub-distributors at 40% off their retail price. Minimum orders are 10 copies of any title. Special discounts are available depending upon the order. Please inquire. COD service is also available for such buys.

RETURNS: In the event of faulty merchandise only, all tapes are fully returnable for same-title exchange for 30 days after purchase.

UPDATES: While each issue of the Guide includes an updated list of the videos we offer, we often obtain titles between issues and discontinue others—which you might not know about for months! Send us an SASE for a FREE up-to-the-minute list.

FILM THREAT

THE BEST OF THE NEW YORK UNDERGROUND *

(NYU152) Are you tired of short films that make you wish you were dead? Watch as a peep show dancer explodes in *Queen Mercy*, see a man practically beat his son to death courtesy of *Screaming Chigger Productions*, and hear a real life killer describe how being a small town loser drove him to violence in *Pleasant Hill, USA*. Not enough? Hear the tortured screams from the local graveyard in *Rosa Mi Amour* and experience the hallucinations of a strung out addict in *Detritus*. (90 min.) \$29.95

CORPSE FUCKING ART *

(CFA122) Interviews and behind-the-scenes footage explain *Nekromantik* director Jorg Buttgerieit's cinematrocities—with rare stills, gore effect secrets and unreleased scenes. Includes *Hot Love*, the pre-*Nekro* shocker! (90 min.) \$29.95

THE CRAZY NEVER DIE

(CND149) The Doctor is now on video in this exclusive Hunter S. Thompson documentary! Watch him drink, write, rant and golf! This is a must for all Gonzo wannabes and guaranteed to amaze even the most jaded HST experts. Features cover art by Ralph Steadman. (30 min.) \$24.95

DARKNESS * (DRK143) The most grisly vampire horror tale yet concocted, this film offers a blood-thirsty plague of the undead run amok! The exploding head meltdown finale will leave even the most jaded gorehound reeling with disgust. (90 min.) \$29.95

THE DEATH KING *

(DKG106) Seven suicides make for a week of bizarre horror from Jorg Buttgerieit. Features a gruesome Nazi torture scene not for the squeamish! (80 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

DERANGED (DER131) The 1974 original Ed Gein-inspired schlocker rises from the dead as a gorgeous letterboxed classic. Never-before seen Savini gore and bonus Gein documentary make this a must. Letterboxed with Hi-Fi stereo sound. (110 min.) \$39.95

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HARDCORE: THE FILMS OF RICHARD KERN VOL I *

(HCR107) This compilation includes such evil NY-underground classics as *You Killed Me First*, *Submit To Me*, and *The Right Side of My Brain* specially edited by Kern exclusively for FTV. Features Lydia Lunch, Lung Leg, Henry Rollins and music by Foetus. (90 min.) \$29.95

HARDCORE KERN VOL II *

(HCR111) Another exclusive collection. Includes the legendary Lydia Lunch collaboration *Fingered* and the notorious *Evil Cameraman*. Featuring Sonic Youth and Foetus. (90 min.) \$29.95

HATED: GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES *

(HAT132) Completed just before his death, *Hated* captures all the sound and fury that was GG Allin—who broke parole to appear in the film. Here is not only Allin's live act that drew the curious, but the injuries, police activity and rock 'n' roll savagery that is his legacy. Also contains exclusive footage of Allin's equally unusual funeral! (60 min.) \$24.95

MALICIOUS INTENT (MAL149) Lydia Lunch assaults all you hold dear in this stunning three part LIVE performance tape that challenges not only the audience, but the entire sexist, racist, violence-prone world that inspires her poetic savagery. A must-have for all serious followers. (90 min.) \$29.95

MY SWEET SATAN *

(MSS150) Cult horror director Jim Van Bebber tackles violence, drugs and heavy metal in this shocking tale of Satanic worship gone amok. SUPER GRAPHIC, this tape includes a remastered version of *Roadkill: The Last Days of John Martin* and the druggie documentary *Doper*. (60 min.) \$24.95

NEKROMANTIK * (NEK105)

This uncut, nekro-classic is an absolute 10 on the squirm-o-meter as the disenfranchised youth of Deutschland find inventive uses for the not-so-recently-deceased. Oddly, it's a love story too... (74 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

NEKROMANTIK 2 *

(NEK109) Banned even in Germany, this is the most infamous horror sequel of all time! You'll gasp as a beautiful necrophile discovers true love. There is sex after death! One of our best-selling titles. (100 min./English subtitles) \$29.95

NUDIST COLONY OF THE DEAD *

(NCD123) This campy satire lampoons both religious fundamentalism and the zombie genre as the naked dead wreak havoc. (90 min.) \$29.95

RED *

(RED104) "Is Al there, Al Koholic?" Phone pranks can kill a man! If you know about Red, this visual depiction is a must! Lawrence Tierney stars in this hilariously obscene film about the misuse of the telephone. (35 min.) \$19.95

SQUEAL OF DEATH

(SOD103) Three twisted comedies from Tom Stern and Alex Winter (*Freaked*)—Monty Python meets *Mad*! (30 min.) \$14.95

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(T99102) From UFOs to the Kennedys, this comedy contains every known conspiracy theory in a psychotic history of the world. Perfect for paranoids and religious zealots! "Unrelentingly lurid and hilarious!"—says that piece of crap *Premiere* (48 min.) \$19.95

ZEDD NOT DEAD* (ZED151)

You know his name, but have you seen his films? Founder of the Cinema Of Transgression, Nick Zedd triumphantly returns with this exclusive collection of his best films: *Police State*, *The Bogus Man*, *The Wild World of Lydia Lunch*, *Thrust In Me* and plenty more of the Lower East Side's gritty best. (90 min.) \$29.95

* These titles are ADULTS ONLY and require a signature.

All titles are produced with the cooperation of the filmmakers to insure the highest possible quality. No bootlegs and no shitty dupes.

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CLASSIFIED AD RATES: First 20 words-\$20.00, each additional 10 words-\$5.00, 1 column inch for display ads-\$35.00. 1 column inch for independent filmmakers for display ads-\$20.00. Check or MO to Film Threat Video. Mail to: FTVG CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170, USA. Indicate section: VIDEO, MAGAZINES, FILMMAKING SERVICES, EVENTS, MISC., ETC... This is really cheap, so don't push for discounts.

VIDEO

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PSYCHEDELIC GLUE SNIFFIN' HILLBILLIES - 35 minutes of indescribable hallucinatory head-warpen'!! Whalin' soundtrack by Hellas Creed and Charles Manson!! See review in FTVG issue #7 \$17.00 ppd. Check or MO to: Face Attack Films, PO Box 16434, Baltimore, MD 21217

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CLAP OFF THEY GLASS IS NOW ACCEPTING ENTRIES FOR PXL THIS FOUR, THE FOURTH ANNUAL PXL FESTIVAL FEATURING VIDEOS SHOT WITH THE FISHER-PRICE TOY VIDEO CAMERA. THE PROGRAM WILL SCREEN IN LOS ANGELES IN THE FALL OF 1994. SUBMISSIONS MUST BE SHOT WITH THE PXL 2000 CAMERA AND ENTERED ON VHS VIDEO TAPE AT SP-2HR SPEED. NO RETURNS. PLEASE DO NOT SEND ORIGINALS. ALL CATEGORIES ACCEPTED. DEADLINE FOR ENTRY IS AUGUST 22, 1994. SEND TO PXL THIS, 2427 1/2 GLYNDON AVE, VENICE, CA 90291. PLEASE INCLUDE A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR MORE INFORMATION.

Drop everything and decide what you could possibly advertise for in the next issue of the dreaded *Film Threat Video Guide*! Issue #12 will hit the stands November 10th, just in time for the Christmas rush! Call Rhonda Schuster at (805) 296-5232!

OPPORTUNITIES AT FILM THREAT

DO YOU HAVE THE SNEAKING SUSPICION that you're smarter than Dominic? Well prove it by joining the *Film Threat Video Guide* staff! We're looking for interns and editors living in the Los Angeles area to make FTVG better than ever. **INTERNS:** must have strong organizational skill, be Macintosh literate and able to do more than one thing at a time. **EDITORS:** must have previous experience in independent publishing, be a Macintosh expert and have strong skills in Quark 3.2, Word 4.0, FileMaker Pro, Photoshop and Freehand. Duties would include writing, dealing with contributors, and more. Send resumé to Dave Williams in care of FTVG today! (Yes, you'd have to work with Dominic.)

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SCREEN #2- Cover story on the silent classic *The Man Who Laughs*, Horror Host Zacherley-ZTV revisited, interview with Peter Jackson (*Bad Taste*, *Dead Alive*) Tetsuo 2 and the usual video, music and book reviews.

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—VIDEO HITS MAGAZINE

Making prank calls is an activity almost exclusive to 12-year-old boys. FILM THREAT magazine editor Christian Gore tackles this inherently subversive subject in RED, his latest directing effort. Based on the infamous cult tape of actual phone calls made by an anonymous mischief-maker, this coarse, short comedy stars tough guy character-actor Lawrence Tierney (*Dillinger*, *Prizzi's Honor*) as Red, a beleaguered booze jockey at the Tube Bar. Tortured beyond human endurance by such telephonic classics as, "Can I speak to Mike Hunt?" and "Is Al there? Last name Koholic?" Red quickly falls prey to fantasies involving shotguns, baseball bats and severe bodily injury. Combined with the original, profanity-ridden "RED" tapes, RED the movie is sure to become a cult favorite.



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